THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THERE has been an almost entire cessation of political activity during the past week. The Christmas festivities have had their usual effect in putting an end to public meetings, and no politicians of importance have broken the prevailing silence. Unfortunately, we have had more than the usual number of those tragic occurrences which always seem to be more common at Christmas than at any other season of the year. The most terrible of these was the fire which broke out on Sunday morning in a four-roomed dwelling-house in Bethnal Green. In the two upper rooms of this house there lived a man and his wife and nine children. The man was removed on Christmas Eve to the Mile End infirmary, suffering from lung-disease. On Sunday morning the mother and all the nine children were burned to death. On the afternoon of the same day the father died without having been informed of the terrible tragedy by which his family had been swept away. An incident like this, in the midst of the Christmas festivities, gives rise to thoughts too deep for words.

THE death of Sir Frank Lockwood, and the consequent vacancy in the representation of York, have been followed by another death among the members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons and another vacancy. Mr. Charles Harrison, who died barely twenty-four hours after attending Sir Frank Lockwood's funeral, had been one of the representatives of Plymouth in the present Parliament. He was well known in London as one of the pioneers in that great work of municipal reform which led eventually to the establishment of the County Council. He was a member of that body and one of the most active and prominent leaders of the Progressive party, by whom he will be greatly missed. Mr. Mendl, who was his colleague in the contest at Plymouth in 1895, will stand for the vacant seat, and there is reason to hope that he will secure it.

THE electoral campaign at York began on Thursday with the first appearance of the two candidates at meetings. Lord Charles Beresford, deserting his friends in Birmingham, has accepted an invitation to stand from the Tories, while Sir Christopher Furness, the well-known shipbuilder and former member for Hartlepool, is the Liberal candidate. The struggle presents a very interesting and complex problem. York is nominally a cathedral city, but the cathedral interest has never, we believe, counted for very much in recent elections, and the city also possesses a considerable body of freemen, a class whose votes are not ordinarily determined by considerations of pure politics. There is a large middle-class element, a considerable number of factories, and a very large population of railwaymen. Sir Christopher Furness is, one would imagine, just the sort of candidate for the labour and independent elements of such an electorate; and he is a thoroughly sound Liberal. But though he has always been on excellent relations with his own men at Hartlepool, he is perforce a member of the Employers' Federation, and the engineering dispute may produce a good deal of abstention. Lord Charles Beresford, we notice, advocates registration reform and army reform; but his generalities about the engineering deadlock do not appear likely to help him much with the labour vote. He also supports a vigorous policy in the Far East—an excellent election cry, but Lord Salisbury's recent specimens of vigour do not encourage much hope on that head either. For some reasons we should not be sorry to see so independent a personage in the House—as standard-bearer of the Tory revolt in Edgbaston, for instance—and his criticisms of his own Front Bench would be a source of perpetual hilarity to the other side. But we trust the electors of York will send him back to his friends at Birmingham.

MR. GLADSTONE on Wednesday completed his eighty-eighth year, and the event was celebrated by banquets at the National Liberal Club and at Chester, as well as by the sending of numerous telegrams and addresses of congratulation to the veteran statesman in his temporary home at Cannes. Among the latter was a warm and graceful address from the Scottish Liberal Association, signed by Lord Rosebery as its president. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Gladstone has derived benefit from his stay in the South of France. Among the many men of note who were born in the same year as himself, his old friend and colleague in Parliament, Sir Thomas Acland, is now the sole survivor. At the Chester dinner on Wednesday night, Sir John Brunner, who has just returned from Cannes, gave an interesting account of a recent meeting with

Mr. Gladstone, from which it is clear that his mental vivacity has in no degree been affected by the burden of his years.

THE engineering dispute has entered upon a new phase. The men, acting under the advice of their leaders, have rejected the masters' proposals, and the conference has, therefore, come to a most unsatisfactory conclusion. For the moment there are no signs on either side of any attempt being made to reopen negotiations on a new basis. The general belief amongst the employers seems to be that the men have reached the end of their resources, and that they will now return to work in large numbers without waiting for any formal declaration of the close of the strike. This seems to be a very sanguine estimate of the probabilities, but the suffering among the workmen and their families is so great that it is quite possible that the forecast will be justified by the event. It must not be forgotten, however, that a strong effort is to be made to secure support for the engineers from the general body of trades-unionists. Such an effort may prolong the struggle still further, though it cannot be regarded as being likely to affect the ultimate result. The masters, now that they have learned from the workmen the value of combination, seem to be unquestionably the stronger force in the great struggle.

THE very heavy gale which visited our Southern shores on Wednesday evening seems to have done far less damage than its predecessor of a few weeks ago. It may well be feared that the list of casualties at sea are still to come in, but at present the chief sufferers are some of the towns in South Wales, the Lake district, and the cross Channel packets between Calais and Dover. The urgent need for the new harbour at the latter place has never been more emphatically demonstrated than by the damage to boats, passengers and employés of the Company that has taken place at the astonishingly exposed landing-places that passengers by the most important short sea route in the world have had to put up with hitherto. Unfortunately there seems reason to suppose that the new works may aggravate the force of the sea at the landing-places, and that for a time passengers and mail packets may be worse off than ever.

ABROAD.

THE prospect in the Far East, extremely obscure in itself, is made still more obscure by a multitude of rumours based solely on the hopes and fears of their authors. It is clear that Russia is pushing on—though, as we have said elsewhere, we see no reason to be specially alarmed at her advance in Manchuria; her control of the Chinese Customs service would be quite another story—and that the Japanese nation is eager to assert its own claims. The reconstruction of the Ministry last October, which was apparently due to the exigencies of home politics, did not increase its stability, and a more recent attempt at reconstruction has been even less successful. So the Ministry has resigned, the Diet (in which parties were almost equally balanced) has been dissolved, and the Press is clamouring for a strong Government, irrespective of party lines, which will promote a vigorous foreign policy. It may be, as the Japanese Minister has told the *Daily News*, that Japan aims at securing only her commercial future in China. But one cannot help suspecting that the Japanese are both sufficiently archaic still and sufficiently imitative of reactionary European models to believe that "trade follows the flag," and that commerce involves territorial aggrandisement by force of arms.

BUT besides all this there are various factors whose operation is wholly uncertain. What is France going to do? According to a report current on Thursday and semi-officially contradicted on the day following, she has occupied the island of Hainan. This, in any case, would have been incredible, China being still entitled to some sort of rights. Still more, where is our fleet? According to one account, it is at Talienwan, which is too near Port Arthur for the rumour to be credible; according to another, it is at Port Hamilton, a place the strategical value of which is matter of dispute: according to yet another, four vessels are near Chemulpo in Corea. This, at least, is not intrinsically improbable. Another account, which is at least premature, and is discredited by those who have best reason to know, represents the Government as having requisitioned the three "Empress" reserved merchant cruisers which ordinarily connect the Canadian Pacific Railway with Japan and China. And finally, the United States, mindful of their ancient commercial interests in China, urge us to claim our share in the interests of the free trade of the world at large. There could be no better testimonial to our policy in the past than this.

WITH the march through the Bazar Valley and the concentration of the First Division on the Khyber Pass, the active military phase of the Tirah expedition is announced to have reached its close. The valleys have been desolated—though in the Bazar Valley the military art cannot much increase the desolation produced by nature—the defences have been burnt, and the inhabitants made permanently hostile, both to one another and to the British power. The country is not to be annexed, for it is worthless; but the tribes have been informed that there will be further expeditions in the spring unless they comply with our terms. So we may have the same experiences all over again. The most that can be said for the expedition is that it has done a good deal for topography and afforded an admirable opportunity for the training of our troops in actual warfare of a very trying kind. But the most convinced advocate of the Forward Policy must admit that the result is not worth the cost. Of the suffering inflicted on both sides it is difficult to speak in terms of adequate strength.

THE Indian National Congress, which has been in session this week at Amraoti, in the Central Provinces, passed a series of resolutions, most of which will be accepted in principle by the majority of the Liberal party in England, and expressed a loyalty to British rule which contrasts very favourably with the effervescence of the speeches made at the Conference of the London India Society, which was meeting about the same time in Bloomsbury and passing somewhat the same sort of resolutions, under the presidency of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. The Amraoti meeting expressed a cordial recognition of the aid rendered by the British people during the famine, which the Congress desires to commemorate by a memorial erected in England, and a protest, which is *primâ facie* justifiable, against the continued detention without trial of the brothers Natu. Other resolutions call for more criticism. None of the members of the Congress can possibly condemn the present frontier policy much more strongly than we have condemned it in these columns, and few Liberals will contest the assertion that the "Indian people"—which presumably means the various populations of India—might well have more direct representation in the Legislative Council if only means could be found of giving it to them. But one cannot hastily introduce democratic institutions among the most minutely stratified and generally heterogeneous population in the world, and we cannot feel much confidence that the educated native Indians who form the Congress

really represent the great speechless masses of the varied peoples of the Indian Empire.

A SIMILAR difficulty in application arises over the resolutions as to "native agency" in the administration and as to the holding of Civil Service examinations simultaneously in England and India. We, at least, are free from the delusion which beset some of the best minds of England forty years ago, that competitive examination by itself will secure competent administrators. With a little adjustment—impracticable, as a rule, under Indian conditions—it will get excellent raw material. By all accounts, in the early days of its application the material was very raw indeed; but to make it into magistrates and collectors there must be a period of corporate training among the best available surroundings. Now the Englishman, when he enters that training, is for the most part half-trained already by his school career; the Indian candidate, even if his Government colleges were adequate substitutes for English public schools, cannot get it with anything like the same adequacy unless he is brought to England for the purpose, which means more time and greater cost to the Indian Government. Similarly with the separation of executive and judicial functions: it is an unexceptionable principle, very expensive to carry out. The National Congress at present supplies us with ideals. Cannot the acute intellects of the natives of India supply us with schemes for putting them into practice?

IT is satisfactory to record the completion of the cession of Kassala to Egypt, and the prompt successes of the native levies who were taken over from the Italian to the Egyptian service against the Dervishes at El Fasher and Osobri, the latter the only important place between Kassala and Khartoum. Kassala is, no doubt, indispensable to the civilisation of the Soudan, whether its trade is tapped by a Suakin-Berber railway—which now seems more improbable than ever—or benefits Egypt by following the ancient route: and Italy is well rid of a possession which, whatever its value a century hence, was at best a deferred investment made by a nation that cannot afford to sink any capital.

THE sudden nomination of Prince George of Greece as the Russian candidate for the Governorship of Crete will probably have no other effect than to delay the progress of the solution of the Cretan problem, and aggravate the anarchy and destitution which the Concert of Europe has already allowed to go on for a year and a half. Had the nomination been made a year ago it would have been welcomed with enthusiasm in Western Europe, but as things are, we can only suppose that Russia, having taught Greece to know her place in the Russian scheme for developing Eastern Europe, is now raising her somewhat from her humiliation, in order to play her off against any other Balkan State that may prove refractory by-and-by. But the proposal certainly gives colour to the story that there was an understanding between the Russian Government and the King of Greece as to the limitation of the war with Turkey, and that it was through this understanding that the commanders were at cross-purposes and the fleet failed to act, and that the dynasty is now receiving its reward. While the Concert hesitates Crete goes to ruin; and it has been doubtful whether fresh Turkish troops, nominally in relief of those now in the island, may not be permitted by the Admirals to land—and then, presumably, to "restore order." This, happily, is settled in the negative; but even the *Temps* asks whether the Powers mean the autonomy to be real, or a shelter for other schemes of an interested kind.

THE Panama trial, which had shrunk to very small proportions in comparison with the apprehensions generally felt just four years ago, came to an end on Thursday with the acquittal of all the defendants except M. Naquet, sometime one of the managers of the Boulangist party, who was out of the way in London, and reported to be too ill to attend. So, we trust, ends this wretched chapter in the history of France. The jury found it impossible to believe the evidence of Arton, and their incredulity cannot surprise anyone in view of the character of the witness and the nature of his evidence, for which there was practically no corroboration. Whatever may be the truth about the corruption practised in the past, it is ancient history now, and the agitation has made French politicians wholesomely sensitive to the danger of such charges both to their individual reputations and to the Republic. We await with curiosity the comments of the ultra-Socialist Press and the *Libre Parole*. But public feeling has exhausted itself over the Dreyfus Esterhazy case, and the trial does not seem to have attracted very much attention. It remains to be seen whether the report on the Southern Railway scandals will prove more stimulating; but we doubt it. These charges of corruption in France, as in America, are so exaggerated by the Press that they defeat their own end by making the corruption of all political life a commonplace. For all that, it need not be true.

THE depopulation of France seems to have been arrested for the moment, judging from the official statistics for 1896 which were published on Christmas Eve. For 1895 the excess of deaths over births was 17,813; but for 1896 the births exceed the deaths by 93,700. This result is due to a decrease in the deaths (which are the fewest ever recorded in any one year) as well as to an increase of the births. The birth-rate for 1896 is 22·7 per thousand, the death-rate 20·2—figures which compare favourably with the rates of 21·4 and 22·4 respectively for 1895. The number of illegitimate births, however, has increased by about 4 per cent. The apparent increase of population is the largest in any year since 1883; but it is partly due to the fact that the deaths are fewer, and the 865,586 births during 1896 compare very unfavourably with the 966,000 of 1876. There were 290,171 marriages and 7,051 divorces—both showing an increase over 1895. As usual, it is the departments inhabited by a well-to-do agricultural population—the Sarthe, the Manche, the Calvados, the Eure-et-Loir, and the Haute-Garonne may be taken as samples—which show relatively few marriages and a stationary or decreasing population. On the other hand, there is a great excess of births over deaths in Brittany and in some of the mining districts. The total population is given as 38,133,385. It must be noted, however, that this is less by about 210,000 than the total of 1891.

THE centre of interest in the Austro-Hungarian imbroglio has shifted this week to Buda-Pesth. It has been made clear that the obstruction of the Hungarian Separatists will make it impossible to pass the Bill for the extension of the *Ausgleich* with Austria before the end of the year; so that, to save the financial structure of the Dual Monarchy from collapse, the Hungarian Ministry is compelled to invoke the authority of the Sovereign to prolong the present arrangement by an Imperial decree—a course which, when contemplated by the Austrian Government, they expressly declared to be unconstitutional. It has been further reported that the Emperor intended to take the opportunity of introducing considerable modifications into the Constitution, both of the Dual Monarchy and of its two component States, by the same autocratic method; and Baron Banffy is

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

said to have told a meeting of his party that he was likely to be the last Constitutional Prime Minister of Hungary. So the Kossuth party, in their zeal for the full independence of their nation, are likely to wreck the very great degree of independence which it has hitherto possessed. What is thought of them may be seen by the action of the Socialists, who have broken up an ultra-Nationalist demonstration in Vienna. Socialism, indeed, is assuming menacing proportions in Hungary, and it is necessary to collect taxes from the population of the great agricultural district of the Alföld by armed forces. Even the peasant-proprietors seem to be joining the movement, and, for the present, it is fusing the different nationalities into one economic union. But, as the subject-races—Slavs and Roumanians—are certainly the most exploited, and the exploiters must be chiefly Magyars, this effect cannot last for ever.

THE Papal Encyclical on the Manitoba Schools Question, read between the lines, seems to indicate that no serious effort need be expected to disturb the settlement in the near future. Of course, the Encyclical asserts in general terms the usual Catholic claims and—we do not wish to be disrespectful, but we cannot avoid the words—the usual platitudes, or truisms, of the Denominationalists. But there are various loopholes left by which the conscientious French-Canadian Liberal may escape from the necessity of voting against his party. Catholic children, it is pointed out, may be sent to non-Catholic schools; though it is done "unwillingly and with many safeguards." The law remedying the Catholic grievance is condemned as inadequate. But while the Bishops are urged to get it improved, and the Press is exhorted to respect the Bishops, it is pointed out that harmony is requisite, and that the end desired may be achieved in a multitude of ways. The clergy are to try to increase the safeguards, to refrain from quarrelling with their flocks, and to multiply and improve their own schools. As the teaching in these schools—judging from the published examination questions—was comically ineffective, this advice was sorely needed.

LITERATURE, etc.

THE Ruskin Society of Birmingham, now in the second year of its existence, and possessing a second or initiates' name (as in the ancient Mysteries) whereby it is known as the Society of the Rose, publishes this month the first number of a very attractive little quarterly, "St. George" (London: Elliot Stock). It contains an excellent reproduction of Mr. Herkomer's portrait of the Master, three addresses delivered before the Society by Dean Stubbs, Mrs. S. A. Barnett, and the Rev. R. C. Fillingham respectively, and a letter from Mr. Ruskin's secretary giving a fairly satisfactory account of the health of Mr. Ruskin himself. The addresses might have been published in ordinary magazines, but they are no worse for that. Mrs. Barnett is strictly practical in her assault on District Schools for pauper children; Dean Stubbs sketches ancient and modern ideals of womanhood—though he does not seem to have heard of the new light thrown on the Greek part of his subject by Mr. E. F. Benecke, that promising scholar whose fate is an unsolved mystery of the Alps—and amusingly contrasts the (possible) woman student of the future with the ideals of the Society of the Rose. Mr. Fillingham's article might be dismissed by some philosophers as at once crudely Berkleian and primitively Pantheist. But he has done one service to his hearers. He has told them of the charm of the monotonous sea—"never insistent, never vulgar, never clamorous"—"at the limit of the fair level lands of Essex." The passage suggests reminiscences of Walt Whitman: but we cannot suppose that the Society of the Rose have ever read *him*.

ANOTHER addition to the class of journals appealing to a special public is the first number of *The Ethical World*, a weekly journal which seems to aim at popularising that ethical movement which is a characteristic intellectual feature of our time, as it was of the Græco-Roman period of the ancient world. The first number strikes us as unnecessarily militant in parts—as if it were merely the organ of another Church. But the paper has at least escaped the pitfall of verbiage which is the regular danger of the modern ethical pilgrim, and some of its articles—notably on the Engineering Dispute, and the real ineffectiveness of "incitement to assassination"—give plenty of wholesome food for thought.

FROM Mr. Henry Frowde's "Periodical" we learn that yet another book of Essays on Secondary Education is to appear shortly, under the editorship of Mr. C. Cookson, M.A., formerly a Master at St. Paul's School, and now Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford. It will contain essays by various eminent authorities, including the High Master of Manchester Grammar School, Mr. G. C. Bourne of New College (in collaboration with the Head Master of Oundle), and Mr. P. E. Matheson, who writes on that Certificate Examination over which it is his business to preside. It appears to cover a more restricted field than the similar books we have lately noticed in these columns, and to be more especially concerned with first-grade schools. It seems likely, however, to be of a very practical character.

THE production of *Peter the Great* at the Lyceum Theatre is fixed for this (Saturday) evening, the curtain rising at eight precisely. The occasion has a certain interest, if only from the fact that the author of the play is Sir Henry Irving's son, who has already followed his father's career as an actor, and is now to amplify his own calling according to the best precedents of the Elizabethan stage.

THE South Kensington Museum has made another addition to the means available for realising the domestic interiors of our ancestors by setting up—alongside of the "Inlaid Room" from Sizergh Castle—a room of the early Jacobean period from an old house at Bromley-by-Bow. It has been furnished with furniture of the period from the stores of the Museum; it has been purged of an eighteenth century addition, and must now be practically as it was at first. Certain rooms in the cross galleries have also been arranged for the display of specimens of the minor arts of the East—Cairo, Damascus, the Levant and various other parts of the Turkish Empire.

OBITUARY.

GENERAL SIR C. W. ADAIR, K.C.M.G., of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, had seen service of the varied kind which falls to the lot of his branch of the service in Syria, in the Crimea, and in the bombardment of the Shimonoseki forts in the Japanese difficulty of 1864.—Sir Cornelius Kortright, K.C.M.G., had been Governor of British Guiana from 1877 to 1882.—To Mr. Charles Harrison, M.P. and L.C.C., and one of the highest authorities on the taxation of land values, leasehold enfranchisement, and the local history of London, reference has been made on an earlier page.—Mr. T. K. Sanderson had represented Wakefield as a Conservative in Parliament from 1874 to 1880.—Mr. Alfred Morrison, of Fonthill, was an eminent collector, especially of pictures and autographs, and an active patron of the minor arts.—Count Anatole Lemercier had been a member of the Corps Legislatif under the Second Empire, and had given an independent support,

varied by advocacy of Papal claims, to the Imperial *régime*. Defeated by an official candidate in 1867, he reappeared in politics only in 1889, as a Republican. Since that date he had been deputy for the Charente-Inférieure, and was the senior in age in the Chamber of Deputies.—Signor Salvator Majorano-Calatabiano had been Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in the Depretis Ministry in Italy in 1876.—Signor Carvalho, Director of the Paris Opera Comique, was a well-known and successful impresario. — Herr Wilhelm Schönlank was a munificent promoter of exploring expeditions.

THE LIBERAL PARTY IN 1898.

A NEW year begins to-day, and it is one that bids fair to be of more than common importance in the history of this country. It is the year in which the present Government will enter upon its third session; and long ago we had it, on the high authority of Mr. Disraeli, that the third session of any Government was that in which its strength and its policy were most severely tried. If at the end of 1898 Lord Salisbury's administration has not suffered seriously in reputation and influence, it will be either because it possesses superhuman virtues the existence of which nobody has hitherto suspected, or because the Liberal party has been guilty of something like a criminal neglect of duty. It is to Liberals, therefore, that this new year makes the strongest appeal. They will have to show during the twelve months on which we have just entered that they have recovered from the depression of defeat, and have mastered some at least of the lessons taught by misfortune. We have sufficient faith in our party and in its principles to believe that they will not be deaf to this appeal. The energy which has expended itself uselessly during the last two years in the spinning of impossible programmes, or in internal squabbles the reverse of edifying in their character, ought in 1898 to be concentrated upon one object—the application of the true principles of Liberalism to those questions which her Majesty's Ministers propose to raise during this third crucial session of their existence as a Government. So long as Liberals cling to their principles, and are loyal to the duty of enforcing those principles whenever the opportunity of doing so occurs, they need no programme, and they may even, for the moment, do without anything in the shape of authoritative leadership.

During the last two sessions the most useful and effective work in which the Liberal party has been engaged has been in offering a strenuous resistance to the attempt of the Government to destroy, or at least to mutilate, our national system of education in the interests of a section of the clergy of the Church of England. Our contributor "A Mere Outsider" quotes on another page a passage from a certain speech by Mr. Chamberlain, delivered in the days when he was still a Radical and a democrat, on this very question of education. In those far-off times Mr. Chamberlain committed himself to the declaration that "the object of the Liberal party in England, throughout the continent of Europe, and on the continent of America, was to wrest the education of the young out of the hands of the priests, of whatever denomination." That seems to us to be within its limits an absolutely incontrovertible statement of the Liberal position on the question of education, nor is it in any degree affected by the fact that its author has abjured the truth to which he thus gave utterance. To make the national system of education as good as possible, and to keep it free from the control of the priesthood of all denominations, is the duty of Liberals to-day as surely as it was their duty in 1872. In striving for these objects the Liberal party in this House of Commons, despite its numerical weakness, has already done good work. It has seen the infamous Education Bill of 1896 destroyed by its own authors; and though it has been unable to prevent the passing of the mischievous and unjust measure of 1897, it has aroused public feeling on this question of the surrender of education to the priests in such a fashion that we have been permitted to see a distinct Liberal reaction in the recent School Board elections. We do not know what fresh projects for injuring the public schools Ministers will introduce in the coming session. But we do know that clericalism is still the enemy, and that it has the active and unscrupulous support of the leading spirits in the present Cabinet. It must be the duty of Liberals during 1898 to assert their principles on this question in the most uncompromising way—to undo as far as they can the mischief which has already been wrought, and to prevent the accomplishment of any further mischief of the same kind.

Whatever doubts may exist as to the educational programme of the Government during 1898, there is none as to their intentions on another point. We have been warned repeatedly and in the most authoritative manner that the great measure of the new session will be a Local Government Bill for Ireland. Here, again, the Liberal party has clear and unmistakable principles by which to guide its action. Those principles absolutely forbid its renunciation of the conviction to which it has clung with uncompromising loyalty and self-sacrifice for more than eleven years—the conviction that Irish aspirations after self-government, subject to the maintenance of the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament, must be satisfied before Ireland can really be contented. But for the moment Irishmen themselves have put any definite scheme of Home Rule into the background; and without necessarily relinquishing their hopes as a nation, they seem to be awaiting with interest the announcement of the Government proposals. It will be the business of Liberals in the House of Commons to give them their hearty assistance in any attempt they may make to render the Irish Local Government Bill a reality. That Ireland ought to be governed according to Irish ideas—that is, with the assent instead of against the will of its people—is one of the fixed axioms of the Liberal party. It follows that the duty of Liberals is to do everything they can within the limits of justice to bring the new Irish Bill into accordance with the opinions of the Irish representatives. And it need not be supposed that their task will be a hopeless one. To go no further back than 1867, history has taught us how far a Tory Government may be driven when once it begins to tinker the fabric of the Constitution. The well-known acuteness of many of the Irish members, and their acknowledged mastery of Parliamentary forms and strategy, will be powerful factors in the debates on this Local Government Bill. In those debates it is to be hoped that the Liberal party will remain always on the alert, and always ready to support the attempts of Ireland to secure the greatest possible degree of liberty in the management of its own affairs.

In two other directions the policy of our party is plainly marked out beforehand. We know from the remarkable speech of Lord Salisbury at the Albert Hall that we are to have new legislation with regard to the government of London during next session. We know also from that speech that the Prime Minister is animated by a feeling of hostility, as implacable as it is ignorant, to that London

County Council which he himself called into existence, and which during its short term of life has done so much to give corporate life and the just rights of citizenship to the nation that dwells within the Metropolitan area. Until we see the actual proposals of the Government we cannot, of course, pretend to criticise them. But no real Liberal will fail to resist to the utmost of his power any attempts that may be made to cripple the powers of the County Council either by curtailing its authority or sub-dividing its jurisdiction. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that not the least of the benefits conferred upon us by the County Council is the fact that it has the power of forcing in a practical manner upon the notice of the public some of the most flagrant instances of unjust taxation which still remain to be dealt with. The taxation of ground rents, of unoccupied lands within urban areas—of the "unearned increment," in short, in all its different forms—is one of the gravest economic problems of our time, and it is one with which the London County Council, if it should escape the attack with which it is now threatened, is specially fitted to deal. What need is there to point out the line which Liberals must of necessity follow when they have to deal with a measure affecting questions of this description? As for the measure of army reform — so-called — which is promised for this session, the Liberal policy should be capable of easy definement. It is no part of that policy to deny or even to begrudge votes of money that are needed for maintaining the safety and the independence of our country. The story of our fleet and of the efforts made by the last Administration to strengthen it is proof of this. But the Liberal naturally wishes to be satisfied, first, that we need a larger army than we already have, and, secondly, that the grant of additional money is required in order to increase the number of our soldiers. If we are to raise fresh battalions, not for the defence of the empire, but in order that scatterbrained politicians and administrators may plunge us into all manner of unnecessary adventures over half the world, then the proposition must be resisted strenuously by every man who holds the historic principles of our party. The ideal empire which Liberals have in view is an empire strong enough to hold its own against all assaults from outside and wise enough to refrain from aggression upon its neighbours. An empire run on the policy of the so-called "forward" school is not one that commends itself to Liberal ideas. We have seen brave men to the number of two battalions uselessly sacrificed in the recent fighting on the North-West frontier. How much better is our country for the loss of these gallant fellows? And of what use would it be to raise double the number of battalions in their place, if these were in turn to be sacrificed as needlessly? This question of army reform involves, it will be seen, the question of the uses to which the army is to be put; and upon that subject, it is to be hoped, there will be plain-speaking from the Liberal benches when the debates begin. But there is another question hardly less important that is raised by this topic. If we are to have increased estimates and an increased army, are we to have army reform and reorganisation, or are we simply to pour more money into the bottomless quagmire of War Office administration? All the great authorities concur in the opinion that without a root and branch reform of the present military system every additional penny voted to the army will be a penny wasted. The men who distinguished themselves in the last Liberal Government as wise and economical administrators will, it is to be hoped, turn their attention to this side of the question, and make it impossible for Ministers merely to drain the public purse more exhaustively than at present in order to put more money into the hands of administrators whose incapacity has been fully proved.

Here, we think, we may pause in our forecast of the work which lies before the Liberal party in this new year of 1898. Surely we have said enough to establish our contention that for the present, at all events, we need no programme save that which is provided for us by our opponents. That programme, it will be seen, affects our principles as Liberals down to the very roots. It affects also the very fibre of our national life. In dealing with it there will be abundant opportunities offered to the Liberal party of showing what its true principles are and in what direction it will move when its turn comes to handle the reins of government. It may be objected that what we have sketched is only the work that lies before our representatives in the House of Commons. To a certain extent the charge is true, but it must not be forgotten that without the support of their party outside Liberals within the House can do little. It is not merely to Members of Parliament, but to our party as a whole, that 1898 makes its appeal. Nor must it be forgotten that there is one other task which lies before us this year—a task of supreme importance. That is the education of the country on the question of the House of Lords. We propose in these pages to make some attempt to deal with this question in a systematic manner in the coming spring, and we trust that the well-qualified pens we have secured for this work will afford both enlightenment and inspiration to our party.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR ASIA.

FOR the moment the interest of spectators of the crisis in the Far East has shifted from the action of Germany to that of those other and more familiar claimants for a share of the Chinese Empire whose action has been hastened by the Imperial outburst at Kiel. The German semi-official Press has been trying hard to minimise the German occupation of Kiao-Chau. It is only to be occupied on lease, we are told, by a peaceful arrangement with the Chinese Government. It may even be put under the joint control of Russia and Germany, after the fashion of the arrangement which has led to humorous results in Samoa. Meanwhile Russia is to all appearance playing the game which Fate or the late Mr. David Urquhart has inseparably associated with her foreign policy. She has occupied, if not Port Arthur, at least Kin-Chau, which is not very far off. If we are to believe the news received by way of Tacoma and the Northern Pacific, she has secured the control of Corea and of the Corean Customs—replacing the English superintendent and staff by her own citizens. Her officers are to drill the Chinese army, and China is ready to throw herself into her arms. The Chinese Government, indeed, proposes to raise a new loan in Russia at a rate of interest absurdly low for China, but involving extensive concessions to Russian subjects of mines and railways in Northern China, and the substitution of Russian for English control of the Chinese Customs service, whenever Sir Robert Hart shall retire. This latter condition is the one Russian encroachment we must resist to the end—by war, if necessary—for the sake not merely of British interests, but of the Eastern trade of the world. But we may, perhaps, interpret the announcement—if it be not merely a bit of bargaining—as covering in the first instance a despairing appeal for English aid. Yet it seems likely

that the Chinese Government will promise anything to quiet the foreigner and stave off the day of reckoning and the barbarian invasion. Yet that invasion may come sooner than she expects. The Japanese people, like other young nations, are not accustomed to conceal their action under the decorous pretexts of diplomacy. Their Press demands a strong Government to take action at the present crisis. Their fleet has sailed, presumably to secure their position at Wei-hai-wei. They have battleships and cruisers building for them in England, France, and Germany, which will make their navy—seeing that it need not go out of Eastern waters—a match for any squadron that can be sent against them by any Power but England or France. Their trade, which has developed in the marvellous way described for us this week in one of the most interesting of Foreign Office publications, Mr. Byron Brenan's Report, requires China both for its supply of raw material and for its primary market. They do not mean to be permanently deprived of the fruits of their victory of two years ago. And in two years more at most they will be ready to assert themselves against either of the rivals who are likely to dispute their claims by force.

Putting aside for the present the danger of Russian control of the Chinese Customs, we must confess that the Russian advance inspires us with a good deal less apprehension for our own position. The capital required for the exploitation of the Russian concessions—and to use a Chinese concession will clearly be a much harder task than to get it—will have to be raised in England or France. Capital differentiates countries chiefly by their rates of interest; but capitalists have a way of insisting on adequate control and adequate facilities for trade. And the commercial advantages to be obtained by Russia through her advance in North-Eastern China seem to us to belong to the twenty-first century rather than the twentieth. In any case, they must be utterly inappreciable for the next decade at least. Till the Siberian railway is completed, Russian trade with China will have to be carried on, as it is now, chiefly in the Volunteer Fleet from Odessa, by way of the British possession of Singapore. Russia is not a maritime nation, and is not likely to be able to develop a real commercial marine except at a sacrifice much too heavy for her resources to bear. When the Siberian railway is completed, its first work will be to develop Siberia. It is too absurd to suppose that—in the absence of completely revolutionary improvements in railway traction and management—trade between China and Europe, even if it has an ice-free port to enter in Manchuria, will be taken over three thousand miles of railway to ports that are closed during the winter, and in that season over another six or seven hundred miles of line to Bremen or Hamburg, when a perfectly free and indefinitely cheaper route is offered to it by sea. Until Siberia becomes a manufacturing country the trade of Russia with China will be a costly exotic which no amount of artificial stimulus, by bounties or otherwise, will avail to multiply. That Russia will have Manchuria eventually we have never denied, and we see no reason for deploring the prospect. To give China a civilised administration of any sort is to open up a market capable of indefinite expansion. The benefits will fall—just as the benefits of the Suez Canal did—primarily to those nations which have disposable capital, and secondarily to those whose geographical situation favours them. Russia, for all practical purposes, has neither advantage; and, indeed, we cannot help suspecting that the traders in the new Russian province will, for the most part, be German. If our Foreign Office will see that our own trade is not hindered, and that additional advantages secured by other European nations are balanced by corresponding advantages for us, we need not fear for our commercial supremacy—except, indeed, from the perfectly legitimate competition of Japan.

When, however, the competition begins in earnest for the new trade of China, it must not be forgotten that we have a very real geographical advantage too. The industrial development of our Indian empire, the eagerness of Indian traders and labourers to migrate wherever in the tropics the British flag assures them a fair chance, give us a special interest in the legitimate development of China. How can we best fit them to get that chance? Certainly not by engaging in a fanciful Forward Policy which must well-nigh exhaust the taxable capacity of the population of India; not by attempting to civilise the Afridis by terrorising them; nor by adding to Indian burdens for the purpose of giving a remote and indirect protection to the Suez Canal. The Indian National Congress this week has displayed a loyalty disappointing to prejudiced critics; and we cannot quarrel with any of the resolutions passed, though we may take exception to some of their implications, and doubt if the Congress in any way represents the real people, or rather peoples, of India at all. We should not have wondered greatly had its members expressed themselves even with as much vehemence as Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji did simultaneously in London. But we must not strain their loyalty, any more than we can strain that of the Australian colonies or Natal by overriding the Protectionism—for it is this rather than pride of race—which has led them to check the immigration of British Indians. We can open up Southern China to Burmese traders and to Indian as well as to British products; and if we can secure that British subjects in the Treaty Ports shall not be unfairly debarred from the privileges of other Europeans, we may be sure that the advantages will be largely shared by British Indians. To some of our English producers this may seem a hard saying. But if China is really opened up, there will be room for British Indians and British alike.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BIRTHDAY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S birthday was celebrated on Wednesday night by dinners of his political followers at the National Liberal Club and in various parts of the country. He still takes a keen interest in the fortunes of his country, and of the party of which he was so long the leader; and it is stated, we believe on good authority, that he has recently committed himself to the opinion that the next duty of Liberals is to concentrate their energies upon that question of the House of Lords which he commended to them in his last speech in Parliament. But while all Liberals still gratefully accept his counsels when he can be induced to give them, he holds a position at once removed from party and above it. Like the Queen and Prince Bismarck, and perhaps also the Emperor of Austria, he has become in his lifetime a part of history. The animosities which his name and speeches once excited are quenched and submerged in the general stream of national respect and regard. No British statesman was ever more hated or more loved. But the hatred is a thing of the past. Here and there some splenetic partisan may attempt to revive it. But it is dead. It cannot be revived. On the other hand, the affectionate devotion of those whose privilege it was to be led by Mr. Gladstone shows no abatement, and never will. The time has not come

for a comprehensive survey of his career or a final judgment of his character. Even if he were not still with us, he would be too near us for that. The great question of Home Rule, which he did not, indeed, create, but to which he gave an impetus it could have derived from no other source, is not settled, and may not be settled for many a long year to come. Mr. Gladstone introduced two Home Rule Bills. One was rejected by the House of Commons. The other was rejected by the House of Lords. Who will introduce the third, and what will be its fate? But Ireland at least does not forget that what he did for her is only less in magnitude or importance than what he tried to do. If Ireland can be governed to-day by an ornamental nobleman and a speculative doctrinaire, it is not so much because Irish Nationalists quarrel among themselves as because Mr. Gladstone has given Irish tenants a charter of independence in the great Land Act of 1881. The terrible period of murder and outrage from 1882 to 1884 occurred before the beneficent results of that great statute had been fully felt. The disorders of 1887 and 1889 were a protest against the refusal of Home Rule, and were aggravated by Mr. Balfour's impertinence. Mr. Gladstone is the greatest of Home Rulers. But his own agrarian legislation has made it possible for Ireland to be tranquil without Home Rule.

Mr. Gladstone is proud of being a pure Scotsman by descent. Both his father and his mother were Scottish. He was himself born in England, and received a purely English education. His home for the greater part of his life has been in Wales. Ireland is the one part of the United Kingdom with which he has no natural connection. Yet it is to Ireland that the second and more brilliant part of his public labours was devoted. He cannot, in the nature of things, expect to see the ultimate future of the struggle for Home Rule. But he has seen religious discord removed by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and social discord mitigated, if not cured, by the establishment of the Irish farmers. He is the one British statesman now living for whom all foreigners have a genuine gratitude and affection. Every Italian Liberal reveres the man who co-operated with Cavour and Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel in securing the freedom of Italy. The emancipated Christians of Bulgaria, and the emancipated Greeks of Thessaly, now waiting patiently for the withdrawal of Turkish troops, have been brought up to revere Mr. Gladstone as their deliverer from hideous tyranny. The Sultan is understood not to be very fond of Mr. Gladstone. He prefers Lord Salisbury, who threatens him with the vengeance of Heaven, and not with the loss of his revenues. But a testimonial from Abdul Hamid is the worst of insults. There is hardly a political question which does not show signs of Mr. Gladstone's activity. The state of the army is now enjoying much attention, and Lord Lansdowne has vaguely promised some kind of reform. The greatest measure of military reform was the abolition of purchase, which Mr. Gladstone carried by Royal Warrant in defiance of the House of Lords. Sir William Harcourt would not have passed his famous Budget of 1894 if Mr. Gladstone had not more than thirty years earlier drawn the teeth of the Peers by including all the financial arrangements of the country in a single measure. Without the Ballot Act of 1872 almost every Parliamentary contest would be decided by intimidation; without the Education Act of 1870 we could not hold our own against better instructed competitors in trade.

It is pleasant to read that Mr. Gladstone's health has improved since he arrived at Cannes, and that the neuralgic pains from which he suffered previously have left him. Mrs. Gladstone's wonderful recovery is the more gratifying because it was the less expected. It is perhaps too much to hope that Mr. Gladstone will find time to write his Reminiscences. No more interesting or valuable book could well be imagined. In his "History of an Idea," Mr. Gladstone explained how he was converted to Home Rule. But the great change in his ideas, which runs through his whole life, is a gradual decline of his belief in authority, and the corresponding or relative increase of his faith in freedom. We speak of freedom and authority in the political sense. Mr. Gladstone's religious opinions have never, so far as the world is aware, changed at all. But he is a rare and peculiar instance of a practical politician immersed in affairs of state, who has become steadily more democratic as he grew older. With most men, of course, the tendency is the other way. Old age brings Conservatism, and even middle age lessens the reforming ardour of youth. In Mr. Gladstone there has never been the faintest trace of cynicism. His opinion of mankind and his hope for the future have grown with his growth, and strengthened, instead of fading, with his experience of the world. There is, perhaps, no surer symptom of a perfectly healthy mind. "Every man," said Tennyson, "imputes himself." The imputation of motives has never been one of Mr. Gladstone's controversial weapons. He has almost always assumed that his opponents were actuated by the same high principles as himself. He may perhaps have made an exception in the case of Mr. Disraeli. But none of Mr. Disraeli's contemporaries held the view of that versatile charlatan which grew up as a sort of myth round Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone finished his translation of Horace on the day that he finally left office, and his literary activity has since been almost incessant. The activity which knows no recreation except a change of work is evidently not injurious to the physical frame.

THE FRONTIER CAMPAIGN.

WITH the occupation of the Khyber Pass, General Lockhart may be said to have completed the task which, as we are now informed, he set himself to perform. He has visited every main valley in the country of the Afridis and Orakzais, and wherever there was resistance he destroyed anything destructible which he could discover. An attempt is now being made to represent that the campaign has been successful, that the Afridis suffered more than was at first supposed, and so on. But we fear that these well-meant attempts to save the British Raj by bold statements are not altogether in accordance with the facts. With the exception of the frontier posts, which were captured at the beginning of the war, we have not held any part of the "conquered country." This is a fact which cannot be ignored. No argument in favour of the retention of Chitral weighed more with the man in the street than the argument that to leave a country after we had conquered it would be regarded throughout India as a confession of weakness. It was a false argument. The expedition to Chitral was designed from the first merely as a relief expedition. We had announced before we entered the country that we did not intend to stay. Our professed object was fully attained. The Chitralis, after showing fight, made the most complete submission. The skill with which the mobilisation was conducted greatly

increased our military prestige. Thus only the most ignorant could have supposed that withdrawal from Chitral was a confession of weakness. But how do the facts stand now? The Government, which believes, or affects to believe, that English troops can never without dishonour abandon any country into which they have once entered, deliberately sent a large army as winter was approaching into a country which they knew, or ought to have known, could not possibly be held. The army, after sufferings and losses comparable to those of the Crimean winter, has had to be withdrawn. It could not even be withdrawn peaceably. The tribesmen hung upon its rear. The *Times* correspondent—not an unfavourable witness for the Government—shows that they considered the withdrawal a retreat. They may have suffered losses, but they have inflicted still heavier losses on us. They may have lost their crops, but they have seized vast quantities of our supplies. Indeed, some of the Indian newspapers calculate that on a balance the campaign has been profitable to them, owing to the high prices paid for provisions by our troops. Their houses may have been knocked down, but there is no lack of building material in the mountains.

It may be that in the course of the next few months the Afridis will send in to make terms. But why? Not because of their losses in battle, but because by simply holding the outposts we can cut them off from the trade with India which is their main source of profit. The Government lack even the miserable plea that the campaign was a necessity. The Afridis could have been punished with slight expense and almost without loss of life, if we had merely moved up our troops to re-occupy the posts deserted by the Khyber levies and then waited. If the submission of the tribesmen had not come during the winter, there might indeed have been some case for further action in the spring, when less loss would have been suffered and immediate retreat after the invasion would not have been inevitable. But the Government deliberately sent a large army into a terrible mountain region at the worst possible season, knowing that there was no human possibility of securing even an appearance of victory.

We say "knowing," but it is hard to say what Lord George Hamilton knows. If he did not know something of the nature of the enterprise, all we can say is that such ignorance is more criminal almost than deliberate malice. We can guess pretty well what his defence will be when an amendment to the Address condemning his action is moved, as it must be moved, either by the leader of the Opposition or by the late Secretary of State for India. He will first attempt to shelter himself behind Lord Elgin. On that point we need only say that, whether the Liberal Government acted wisely or unwisely in appointing Lord Elgin (after Sir Henry Norman, an experienced Indian administrator, had unfortunately refused the post), there is no possible ground for arguing that they have any responsibility for his action since the day when Lord George Hamilton succeeded Sir Henry Fowler. If Lord Rosebery had remained in office, Chitral would not have been retained, and if the Afridis had risen (as they probably would not have risen) an army would not have been hurled against their mountains as autumn was passing into winter. Thus the only possible object of the Minister who drags in Lord Elgin's name is to throw the blame for the blunders off his own shoulders and on to those of an absent man. Lord George Hamilton's second line of defence (in which he will be backed up by Mr. Chamberlain) will be to represent the Opposition as unpatriotic because they point out the failure of the campaign. He will represent this as an attack on the brave men who have done their best in an impossible task. Now, it cannot be too clearly stated that the Opposition are no less proud of our troops than the Ministerialists. If we have regard to the strength of the army in the Celtic fringe, it is probable that the Opposition can claim far more of these soldiers as their kith and kin than can members on the other side. It is because we love our country, because we are proud of our troops, that we condemn the conduct of the Ministry which has so heartlessly sent them to lose their lives and even, to some extent, their military credit in the Afridi valleys. Possibly, from the purely military point of view, there have been mistakes made. Sir William Lockhart, it is fair to mention, was not in India when the campaign was planned, and it may be that he did not himself approve of it. However that may be, there can be no doubt that he has not succeeded in inspiring any of the enthusiasm in his command which Lord Roberts used to evoke. Incompetence has been shown by some staff-officers, who were pitchforked into places which they had no capacity to fill, owing to the favouritism which is nearly as rife in Simla as in Pall Mall. But no human skill could have made this campaign a success. It was doomed to failure from its inception. The fault is not that of men or officers; it is the fault of the Government. The crime of sending men on such an errand would in the old days have merited impeachment. If popular government is to be an effective check against administrative incapacity, the country must at least show the blunderers in Whitehall what it thinks of them.

One word in conclusion. There must at least be no more bloodshed. Annexation of this mountain land is impossible. The policy of punitive expeditions has been tried long enough, and without success. The Afridis must be left to themselves. We have entered their country and we have had to leave it. The process was not a pleasant one for either party. It must not be repeated.

INSURANCE.

WRITING on the eve of a New Year, it is, perhaps, natural in insurance, as in other affairs of public interest, that something in the way of retrospective comment should be suggested. In offering, however, a few observations on the course of insurance business during the past twelve months, we are bound to say the chronicle for 1897 is practically uneventful, though there is little doubt that the general trend has again been in the direction of successful development. So far as life assurance companies are concerned, the leading feature of the year was probably the active attention to financial matters enforced upon them by the continued fall in the rates of interest obtainable on mortgages and other first-rate securities. The fact that the great majority of our life offices assume in the valuation of their liabilities a rate of interest not higher than 3 per cent. per annum is, of course, reassuring to those who are aware that the average rate actually obtained is close upon 3¾. But the reserves of a life office can hardly be too ample, and the assumed rate would, in some cases, have been further reduced but for the fact that a loss of popularity is risked if the valuation is strengthened at the expense of the policy-holders—that is to say, by cutting down the bonus. Many of the leading companies, therefore, have taken the alternative of adopting more enterprising measures than those hitherto selected for the purpose of keeping their incomes from interest at a satisfactory figure. During the past year we have seen, from the reports of the Scottish

Widows' Fund, the National Provident Institution, the Atlas Assurance Company, the Metropolitan, and other front-rank offices, that special powers have been obtained to enlarge their opportunities of profitable investment at home and abroad, with the result that the old restrictions to "trustee" securities are now almost entirely removed. This departure calls for attention far beyond insurance circles. When one considers the vast sums entrusted to the charge of life assurance companies and the rapid accumulation of their funds, the importance of such institutions in the financial economy of the nation must be generally conceded. The steps they have taken recently, therefore, are doubly interesting both as an index of vigilant management and as a notable sign of the times. To these remarks there is little to add in reference to the progress of life assurance business in 1897. There can be no doubt that the great Jubilee commemoration imparted a fillip to life, as well as to other branches of insurance. The new Workmen's Compensation Act, too, aroused considerable interest and expectations, and the Guardian, the Sun, and other well-known life offices are already establishing special departments for accident and employers' liability business in anticipation of the coming into force of the Act next summer. In regard to the issue of new assurances—"new business," to use the common phrase of the insurance world—we may expect to see the results of 1896 well maintained and in some cases largely exceeded, though there are still a few managers who will deliberately submit to a curtailment of their new business figures, rather than pay the extravagant commissions which modern competition so often entails. This last is a point for future discussion; it is sufficient to record here that life assurance business is in a sound and satisfactory condition, and that, so far as can be reasonably forecast, its course will continue to be favourable.

As for fire insurance affairs, it was generally stated prior to the Cripplegate fire that the companies had had a particularly successful year. But Cripplegate was followed by Melbourne, and the last month of the old year provided quite a series of minor catastrophes, culminating in the blaze at King's Lynn. It is believed, therefore, that while the heavy losses of the year-end will not necessarily entail reductions of dividends, they must tell upon the figures of some of the companies with the effect of diminishing in some degree the ratio of profit. Great companies like the Royal, the Liverpool and London and Globe, and the Phœnix, whose premium receipts for the year run into seven figures, can afford, no doubt, to regard the ups and downs of fortune with equanimity; but it is known that some of the smaller concerns have been heavily hit by severe losses. The insurance field, indeed, appears every year to become less promising for small companies and almost prohibitory of success for new ones. We referred to this point in a recent article, and instanced the Empress Assurance Corporation, which certainly has had its full share of vicissitudes. It is only fair to add that the Empress now appears to have been steered by a discreeter pilotage into peaceful waters. Less fortunate were the promoters of the Argus, whose promising preliminary prospectus was recently mentioned in this column. The Argus got little further than that prospectus. The public subscription was fairly good, but it fell far short of the amount required, and the subscriptions were consequently returned and the project abandoned.

With regard to other branches of insurance, the most salient features in 1897 were the increase of accident business and the amelioration in the results obtained from burglary insurance. In this latter department an adequate profit was realised for the first time by more than one company which had previously found the business an uphill struggle. There seems now no doubt that the burglary companies — especially those which cater for the ordinary householder and eschew jewellers' and other high-premium risks—have a future before them, and it is not unlikely that other companies will shortly add this class of business to the sphere of their operations. Burglary insurance is a comparatively recent project, yet insurance has been turned to many other accounts since its establishment. The latest suggestion is for a scheme of insurance against damage from wind and rain, and it is stated that numerous disbelievers in the British climate would eagerly avail themselves of such protection if offered by a responsible company.

FINANCE.

BUSINESS has been exceedingly slack upon the Stock Exchange all the week. Monday having been a holiday, and on Saturday the House being closed, there were only four working days. Moreover, the last fortnightly settlement of the year has been going on, while the vote of the men employed in the engineering trade has likewise exercised a depressing influence. But, above all, the state of affairs in the Far East has occupied public attention. At first, little notice was taken of the German enterprise. Even the arrival of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur excited little interest; but this week the matter has come to be looked at in a more serious light—the fall of the Japanese Ministry, the dissolution of the Parliament, and the expected rise to power of the Marquis Ito and Count Okuma being all regarded as symptoms of a very spirited foreign policy. The delay of the Concert in settling the Cretan problem is also causing much uneasiness. Then, again, the struggle of the nationalities in Austria is sure to end in trouble for the Dual Monarchy; while there are grave fears that Spain will not be able to continue paying her way. In spite of all, however, there is a hope that there will be more activity in the New Year. In January the amount of money that will be paid out in dividends and interest will be large, and usually that is followed by a considerable investment; while as the days lengthen and brighten there is more disposition usually to take a more hopeful view of affairs.

Money has been exceedingly dear and scarce throughout the week. The Bank of England has done a very large business, charging 3 per cent. for discounting bills and 4 per cent. for loans. Partly this scramble for money is the result of a very unwise practice of the Joint-Stock Banks of calling in money just at the end of the year for the purpose of making it appear in their balance-sheets that the reserves they hold are larger than in fact they usually are. Partly, also, the scarcity of money is due to the very large sums that have to be accumulated at the end of the year for the payment of interest and dividends on Saturday and Monday. Partly, perhaps, the political uneasiness has caused some lenders not to part with their funds on easy terms. The result is that the Bank has been able to do an enormously large business, and that consequently the amount that will be paid out in the interest upon the National Debt has been more than anticipated. It is noteworthy, too, that some of the foreign banks in London are already offering bills for January at rates which are generally looked upon as high, from which it would appear to follow that, in the opinion of the Continent, money will be dearer next month than is usually the case. At the settlement on the Stock Exchange there was little difficulty in finding what money was required and at comparatively moderate rates. As already said, the speculative account opened for the rise is exceedingly small, and consequently there were very few borrowers. There is a strong demand still for gold in the open market for Germany and Russia. In ordinary years money becomes very easy at the beginning of January all over the Continent, and consequently the tendency

is rather for gold to come to London than to be taken away. But all through December there has been an eager demand for the metal in the open market in London, and even this week some gold has been taken from the Bank of England.

The Indian Money Market is growing exceedingly stringent. The Bank of Bombay on Tuesday raised its rate of discount from 8 per cent. to 9 per cent., while the returns of that bank, published on Monday, showed that its reserve was down to 70 lacs, an extraordinarily small reserve for the time of the year. On Thursday the Bank of Bengal also raised its rate of discount to 9 per cent., so that 9 per cent. is now the rate both in Calcutta and Bombay. Although plague is raging at Poona and other places in the neighbourhood of Bombay, the Port of Bombay itself is not affected, and exports therefrom are being actively conducted. The cotton crop is good, the cotton is being moved freely, and consequently there is a strong demand for money. The Burmah rice crop is exceptionally large, and there is a very strong demand throughout Burmah for money to move that crop. It is to be recollected that no rupees have now been coined for four and a half years. Consequently the currency is becoming insufficient. Moreover, the military expenditure has taken away much of the money to the frontier, which will not readily return, and probably some of the famine expenditure will likewise remain in the distant villages. Money, therefore, is exceedingly scarce, and is growing very dear. Yet the India Council has not been quite so successful this week in the sale of its drafts. It offered for tender on Wednesday 40 lacs, but only 30½ were applied for, and 21 lacs were sold at an average price of 1s. 3 1/16d. per rupee.

During the week not a single company has been offered for subscription in the City—a striking proof of the influence of the Christmas holidays and the stringency of the Money Market, which occurs more or less in the last week of every year. The New Year is expected to see a very large number of new issues. It is probable, too, that there will be a very large number of Colonial Government borrowings, and it is possible that some of the Foreign Governments will either borrow or convert their debts. It is reasonably certain, indeed, that if everything proves favourable a large conversion operation will be attempted by the Argentine Government. And it would not be surprising if the Egyptian Government, assuming that the Great Powers can be brought to agree, should convert the Unified Loan.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SUNDAY.—Fog and frost were the accompaniments of Christmas Day in London, and they may fairly be regarded as typifying the existing condition of things in public life. The future is certainly enshrouded in fog. We have the usual Christmas "leaders" in the morning papers—appeals to the teachings of Christ and the better side of our human nature—and along with conventional references to peace on earth and good-will among men we have gloomy discussions of the meaning of the new policy of Russia and Germany in Asia and calculations of the comparative strength of the fleets in Chinese waters. The best features of the situation, so far as we are concerned, are the absence of excitement in the public mind with regard to the great change that seems impending in the Far East, and the manifest growth of popular feeling against the insane war on the Indian frontier. Sir William Lockhart spent his Christmas Day in the Khyber Pass, and the word seems to have gone forth from the India Office that the abortive campaign against the Afridis is to be renewed at the first possible moment. If one may judge by the newspapers that are usually favourable to Jingoism, even our Jingoes revolt against this decision.

Turning over the dusty contents of an old pigeon-hole in my library yesterday, I came upon a faded scrap of newspaper. There was no date to it, and I have not taken the trouble to ascertain to what particular year it belongs. It contained a report of a speech by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, delivered at Birmingham before he had yet entered Parliament, and this is what I found in the speech: "The object of the Liberal party in England, throughout the continent of Europe, and on the continent of America, had been to wrest the education of the young out of the hands of the priests of whatever denomination, and it would be the crowning triumph of what was called Mr. Forster's statesmanship that it had delayed this desirable consummation for perhaps another generation." Mr. Chamberlain's hatred of Mr. Forster amounted, as everybody knows, to a positive mania. He hated him, doubtless, for several reasons; but chiefly because he looked upon him as the man who would stand in his way when the time came for him to snatch at the mantle of Mr. Gladstone. Anything that Mr. Chamberlain might say about Mr. Forster may therefore be dismissed as worthless. But undoubtedly his statement of "the object of the Liberal party," so far as education is concerned, was a true one. It is amusing to come across that statement now, and to set it beside the fact that Mr. Chamberlain is one of the leading members of a Government whose chief object during the past two years has been to hand the education of the young over to the priests of one particular denomination.

Monday.—The usual ghastly Christmas contrasts confront one in the papers this morning. A whole family wiped out yesterday in the East End of London—mother and nine children killed by fire in their poor abode, the father dying a few hours later in hospital, unconscious of the tragedy. De Quincey might have made something of such a theme as this. It strikes too deep to be reached by any ordinary pen. Then there is the death of that excellent Liberal and public-spirited citizen, Mr. Charles Harrison. He caught cold at the funeral of Sir Frank Lockwood, and in forty-eight hours had passed away. Thus we have two new vacancies in the House, and in both cases the Liberals will have their work set to retain the constituencies. Finally there is the announcement of the death of Mr. Alfred Morrison, one of the remarkable family of millionaires, the owner of Fonthill Abbey and of one of the finest collections of autographs and bric-à-brac in the world. There seems a vast interval between Carlton House Gardens and Bethnal Green, but the irony of fate has bridged it.

The news is very scanty to-day, and the rumours about Chinese affairs are not to be trusted. One of my correspondents, on whose judgment I place great reliance, writing this morning, says: "The Far Eastern situation looks very ominous. This is the sort of thing Lord Salisbury allows to be hatched while he is ruining British prestige and British fair fame by the performances of his 'forward' men in India. The Liberal party have a great opportunity, when Parliament meets, on the question of foreign policy alone. Never has the foreign policy of England been so disastrously mismanaged as it has been for the last few years." Let us hope that the "great opportunity" will not be lost, and that some voice to which men will attend will be raised to denounce the miserable blundering that has landed us in the present situation.

Tuesday.—The elections at York and Plymouth will be full of interest, and are certain to be very close. In both cases the Liberal party is handicapped by having to fight for the second seat in a double constituency. Yet I am told that there is strong confidence at headquarters as to the probable result. The York Liberals meet to-day to choose a candidate. Plymouth is already

provided with an admirable candidate in the person of Mr. Mendl. This is the gentleman who, in 1892, ran the Attorney-General so hard in the Isle of Wight. He was Mr. Harrison's colleague in the last contest at Plymouth, and won golden opinions among the electors at that time. Dockyard constituencies are proverbially uncertain; but Mr. Mendl is so good a speaker, and he has so good a cause to advocate before the electors, that his success ought to be assured.

The complaints of the Anglo-Indian press with regard to the mismanagement of the frontier campaign are widely echoed in this country, and there will doubtless be an inquiry into some of the blunders that have been made. But it is to be hoped that the public will not forget that the initial blunder was in adopting the policy that resulted in this miserable adventure with its attendant loss of life.

Wednesday.—Mr. Gladstone's birthday finds the great man at Cannes instead of Hawarden, but it is being celebrated none the less heartily on that account. Happily, too, the latest news of his health is more reassuring. He is no younger, of course, than he was when he left England, and the signs of age are becoming increasingly apparent, but he is mercifully free from the physical pain from which he suffered so much in the autumn. At Cannes he is enjoying himself in a placid fashion. His books are his chief delight, and he is once more able to turn to them. Political affairs do not engage his attention as they once did, though he is as keenly interested as ever he was in the great movements of parties, and in the success of the cause with which his own name was so long identified. I believe I violate no confidence when I say that he considers the question of the House of Lords to be that upon which the Liberal party will have the best chance of making its influence felt in the immediate future. He, at least, is not one of those who would wait for "an occasion" before renewing the campaign against the veto of the Peers. By the way, it would be interesting if a list of the great men born in the year of Mr. Gladstone's birth were to be prepared. It was the *annus mirabilis* of the nineteenth century, so far as the greatness of its sons was concerned. In England alone a remarkable number of the most distinguished men of the present era were born in 1809. I write without books of reference beside me; but, if I am not mistaken, besides Mr. Gladstone, Tennyson, Thackeray, Darwin, Newman, Monckton Milnes, and Sir Thomas Acland, all date from that year. Only the last of these now survives as the contemporary of Mr. Gladstone.

Ministers preserve a silence with regard to the Far Eastern Question which may be regarded by some as ominous, and by others as discreet. It is clear that their reticence does not please many of their followers, who would like to see some big demonstration made as a counterblast to the Russian and German adventures. It is not impossible that such a demonstration is in course of being prepared, though one would prefer to cling to the belief that Ministers are biding their time, and, while bent upon maintaining all English rights, are resolved to do nothing to increase the complications of the situation.

Thursday.—Lord Charles Beresford has been selected as Tory candidate for York, Sir Christopher Furness being adopted by the Liberals. Lord Charles is a gallant sailor who has rendered some good public service in his own profession. But his politics are those of the least intellectual members of his party, and his eagerness in pushing himself upon the notice of the public does not raise him in the esteem of serious persons. I see that Sir Christopher Furness is already being made the subject of unfriendly criticisms in certain places because he happens to be a great employer of labour. It was only the other day that, employer though he was, he made a most liberal gift to the engineers and others who are out of work owing to the strike. But apparently there is to be a dead set made by Liberals of a certain class against all captains of industry, who have not only found work for great bodies of their fellow-countrymen, but have been moderately successful in acquiring wealth for themselves. The old theological tests, which everybody now derides as odious, are to be replaced by social tests still more absurd and unjust. 'Tis a mad world! Fortunately the electors of York are hardly likely to be led astray by this spirit of narrowminded intolerance.

Dr. Guinness Rogers contributes a very able article to the *Nineteenth Century* on the Liberal party. With the main conclusions of Dr. Rogers I need not concern myself here. They are eminently sound, and will commend themselves to all sensible men. The article is, however, chiefly notable because of its plain-speaking on certain questions affecting the late Prime Minister, about which a great deal has been said in private, though very little has found its way into print. Dr. Rogers boldly affirms that which most persons know to be true. That is that Lord Rosebery, who took the premiership in 1894 not because he desired it, but because it was forced upon him as a duty, did not receive from many of those to whom he was specially entitled to look for support the loyal backing he had a right to expect, and was made to bear the responsibility for errors and failures which were certainly not his own. All this, as I have said, is well known to all who are acquainted with the inner history of the Liberal party during the last half-dozen years. Fortunately Lord Rosebery's character never stood higher than it does to-day, nor was there ever a time when his detractors—some of whom are singularly unscrupulous—had so little power of influencing the public mind against him. Dr. Guinness Rogers in his vigorous article only says what most Liberals now think upon this subject.

Friday.—The *Times* gives us this morning its usual "review of the year." The pity of it is that its review omits to bring out the great moral of 1897. What that moral is even the dullest are now beginning to perceive. When Lord Rosebery made his famous speech at Edinburgh fifteen months ago he drew special attention to that grave "Far Eastern Question" which he saw looming on the horizon. He had referred to its approach repeatedly before then, and had again and again urged the necessity of keeping our hands free to deal with it when it actually came upon us. Ministers in 1897 have deliberately rejected this good advice. They seem to have been competing with each other in their attempt to involve the country in fresh embarrassments. Mr. Chamberlain in South and West Africa, Lord Salisbury in the Soudan, Lord Lansdowne and Lord George Hamilton in India, have entered upon adventures in which the strength of the empire is being frittered away; and now, when we are least prepared for it, we have suddenly to face the Far Eastern Question in its most dangerous form. *That* is the one great fact which we learn from 1897, and a very terrible fact it is.

THE INDUSTRIAL STRUGGLE.

THE vote taken last week by the officials of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers upon the modified proposals submitted to them by the employers is decisively against the terms suggested. It will be remembered that the two issues laid before the voters were, first, the proposals of the masters as to the management of their works, and secondly, a 51 hours' week. The first point has been rejected, to take Mr Barnes' final statement of the figures, by a majority of fifty to one, and the second by a majority of five to one. Strictly speaking, the latter proposal was not made by the employers, who, in the words of one of their spokesmen, "did not make

or attempt to make any concession on the matter of hours." But it is difficult to see why the union leaders should not have taken the opinion of the men upon that point if they wanted to know it, or why they should be so bitterly attacked as they have been for referring that proposal to their clients too. The result has been to make it clear that not even the concession of a 51 hours week, were that to be granted, would induce the men to accept as palatable the other terms offered by the employers; and as the employers have at present offered the other terms only, without any shortening of hours at all, the very wide differences which divide the two parties are brought out into striking relief. No doubt, a vote of this kind is a defective instrument for testing opinion on any matter where compromise is necessary and delicate negotiation wanted. But votes like that of the engineers at Leeds, where only 4 out of 1,650 voted for the employers' proposals, or like those of the men at Woolwich and at Bolton, where only 1 out of 1,200 and 5 out of 2,000 voted in their favour respectively, show how overwhelming and deep-seated the feeling against these proposals is, and how—quite apart from any question of hours of labour—the men believe that the demands of the employers strike at principles which are vital to themselves.

We need not say how deeply we regret the prospect of continuous warfare which this decision opens up. We have endeavoured not to take sides in this controversy, and we cannot conceive what purpose is served by denouncing Colonel Dyer upon one side or by bringing charges of fraud and trickery against the union leaders on the other. Both sides are fighting for their own material interests. Both are likely to suffer, as the nation too must suffer, for any damage which the struggle causes to our trade. The employers, encouraged possibly by the success of certain great employers in America, have resolved to make a stand against the demands of the trade-unions, and to claim what they call "freedom of management" in their works. The men are always anxious to improve their own conditions of labour, and are resolved that their right of combination shall not be threatened or destroyed. Both masters and men are partners in a common enterprise the ultimate success of which must largely depend upon their mutual co-operation and good-will. Under these conditions it is difficult for the sane man in the street to understand why the two parties should not arrive at an understanding fairly satisfactory to both. Among the modified proposals submitted by the employers, some, we think, ought not to offer any fatal difficulties to a general agreement. The provisions suggested for avoiding disputes, now that a right of initiative in discussing grievances has been conceded to the unions, seem to be reasonable enough. The declaration of general principle, in which the employers emphatically declare that they "will admit no interference with the management of their business," is linked with an offer to discuss with the unions any changes in the system in force. The principle of collective bargaining, to which the men attach great importance, in view of the fact that to that principle they attribute nearly all the advances that labour has made, is recognised, though it may be in a somewhat grudging fashion, in the clauses relating to the rating of workmen. The provisions with regard to overtime show something of the spirit of give and take which is essential to the settlement of a dispute. On none of these points, we imagine, would there be grounds for further prolonging the dispute. The difficulties which have led to the failure of the negotiations are to be found chiefly in the clauses relating to freedom of employment, to piecework, and to the selection, training and employment of operatives. On these points the employers have shown themselves unyielding. They insist on emphasising the absolute equality of union and non-union men, and will give no cordial recognition to the services which the unions render to their members. They will only "not advise their members to object to union workmen." They insist that the prices to be paid for piecework shall be fixed by private bargains between the masters and the men who do it, and that the right to make these bargains shall be extended more than hitherto. They insist that they shall have the sole right "to select, train and employ those whom they consider best adapted to the various operations carried on in their workshops," and to pay them "according to their ability as workmen." These last clauses, if agreed to, might be fatal to some of the ideas to which the unions have hitherto clung, and it is, no doubt, upon these clauses mainly that the negotiations have now broken down.

For all that, we are very unwilling to believe that the opportunity of a settlement has altogether passed. The responsibility for the next step rests with the employers, and we appeal to the employers because we are entitled to ask them for judgment and self-control, and also because, as matters stand, they are the stronger side. They have, it can hardly be doubted, vindicated the freedom of management for which they ask. They have defeated, we may take it, for the present, the demand for a shorter working day. They have made the men realise the unwisdom of attempting to interfere unduly with the management of the works. They have shown the strength of their association, and they have made the men suffer heavily for their mistakes. Having attained these ends, may they not be expected to smooth the way a little for conciliation now? The employers would have little difficulty in ascertaining exactly what are the points in their proposals which the men really fear, and in coming to an understanding about them. If the men undertake frankly not to hamper and restrict them in their works, let the employers as frankly recognise the value of the unions and the rights which they have won. Those points admitted, the difficulties presented by the extension of piecework and by the selection of workmen will present to those who approach them in a spirit of conciliation no obstacles of an insuperable kind. If the men waive much, the employers may fairly be expected to waive something, and on essential points the disputants are not now so very far removed. We are sure that an able mediator would find little difficulty in suggesting terms which both sides could accept, and even now, at the eleventh hour, we would urge the employers to waive the point of *amour-propre* which made them refuse all overtures for mediation. It may be within their power to ruin their opponents and to bring them to their knees. But apart from ethical considerations, we are convinced that it can never be good policy to embitter to the verge of desperation a whole class of people on whose co-operation one's future must depend. To crush your enemy is only wise when you are not likely to need his help again. And surely community of interest, if not old connection, counts for something. It is because we believe in the weight of that consideration, and in the common-sense and fairness of English employers as a whole, that we believe that they will not throw up the problem of reconciliation as insoluble when all that is wanted is a little give-and-take.

A WESTERN CHALLENGE.

FAME has crowned the brows of Mr. J. E. Ballaine (not to be confused with James G. Blaine, of statesmanlike memory), whose address is Olympia (Wash.). Mr. Ballaine is Adjutant-General of the State of Washington, and he has written to the *Daily Chronicle* to explain why the Western American hates Great Britain. This is all the more impressive because Mr. Ballaine's ancestry hails from Jersey, and his rude forefathers helped William the

conqueror to found the British Empire. What they made he is eager to unmake in the war between Britain and the United States, "which many of us fervently pray may not be long delayed." Still, Mr. Ballaine can afford to wait. "I am an American, born in the State of Iowa, and proud of it. I yet have two-thirds of my life before me." Reckoning the normal age of man at seventy, this makes the warlike statesman of Olympia (Wash.) about twenty-three, which, we presume, is a ripe age for an Adjutant-General out West. Mr. Ballaine still has forty-seven years to watch and pray for that great struggle which is to wipe the British Isles off the map. Downing Street may well shudder. When the chiefs of our military departments exchange confidences, they must shake their heads and murmur, "If only Ballaine were not so young!" If the fire of that eagle eye which surveys with pride the local monuments of Olympia (Wash.) were but dimmed by declining years, we should feel more confident about the issue of the coming ordeal. It is possible that the bones of the early Ballaines may rise from their tombs, and fight for the preservation of the Empire they helped to build. But it would be unwise to count upon this amongst our measures of army reform.

Is there no hope of placating the Adjutant-General? What is his quarrel with us? He says the Republic, of which he is so prominent a citizen, is "libelled and insulted and stabbed by the mother country on every occasion." Shades of the *Alabama* claims and the Arbitration Treaty! We did an ill turn to Jonathan, mayhap, when he was at death-grips with rebellion; but we have paid handsomely for that blunder both in sentiment and in hard cash. It was not the British Parliament but the American Senate which rejected Arbitration the other day. What are these libels and insults and stabs? Apparently Mr. Stead is the great offender. Everything he writes assumes the importance of an international complication. In Mr. Ballaine's eyes, Mr. Stead is the natural successor of Norman William, and "Julia" carries the Great Seal. But if we admit that Mr. Stead owns all this majesty, what is his offence to the Republic? He has lately published a digest of the evidence given before the Lexow Committee, which inquired into the corruption of Tammany. Tammany is corrupt; Mr. Ballaine does not dispute it; but he is aggrieved that Mr. Stead should have treated New York as "a typical American city" and overlooked the blushing virtues of Olympia (Wash.). Now Mr. Stead knows America pretty well, and has carefully guarded himself against the assumption that New York is in every way representative of the whole Republic. But, like every competent observer, he would reject Mr. Ballaine's complacent theory that the corruption of New York is, generally speaking, European, and, particularly speaking, Irish. As Mr. Michael Davitt has pointed out, the first and greatest "boss" of Tammany, William Tweed, was an American. His successors are men of Irish blood, but so are some of their conspicuous accusers. The notion that Tammany is a legacy of European oppression and profligacy may seem rational at Olympia (Wash.), but it will not wash elsewhere. Mr. Ballaine says that the Republic takes the refugees and outcasts of the Old World, and transforms them into noble champions of democracy. Undoubtedly that is the loftiest function of America, and we watch its operation with sympathy. We are willing to believe that you may put off the old Adam of Europe even without being born in the State of Iowa. Then why is Tammany unregenerate? Why does "Boss" Croker in New York remain obstinately British, though, had he settled at Olympia (Wash.), he would have been a peerless flower of Western virtue? And of what particular quality of British local government is he a representative?

The truth is that only in America are the conditions favourable to the existence of a man like Croker. Mr. Davitt has the surprising opinion that "wherever and whenever corruption is discovered, either in New York or in Chicago, it is hunted down by popular feeling, and the 'boodlers' are made to pay the penalty." And yet this popular feeling has just installed in power the man who took a sea voyage when the Lexow Committee was inquiring into the "boodling"! In spite of the revelations of that Committee, no prominent "boodler" was hunted down and made to pay the penalty; and Tammany is now in office again, bent on the same old game of public plunder. Mr. Davitt tells us that New York has a better water supply than London. That may be; but New York is none the less in the hands of a municipal organisation of colossal swindling, and London is not. Mr. Ballaine hates New York because, for economic reasons, the West hates the East; but he does not see that corruption, so far from being confined to municipal politics in the Empire City, extends through the whole political machinery of the American Union. The civil service is poisoned at the same fount. The "spoils system" has made public life rank with jobbery. The sale of votes is open and palpable. Prosecutions for corrupt practices at elections are unknown. Olympia (Wash.), no doubt, is free from these evils, and every politician there—especially the man with the virtue of Iowa in his blood—acts solely with regard to the highest public interest. But it is from the testimony of American reformers, Eastern and Western, that we take the broad facts about civic morals. The indictment is not a libel, an insult, a stab from the mother country. It is drawn by Americans who know their country at least as well as Mr. Ballaine, and some of whom, we should not be surprised to learn, were born in the State of Iowa.

That Mr. Ballaine represents the current Western thought about England there is, unhappily, little reason to question. We have noted many symptoms of this irritation, which is none the less real because it is beyond the pale of argument. Dislike, in nations as in individuals, is not conquered by reason. Let it be granted, then, that the Western man hates us. But he hates his Eastern brother quite as bitterly. His patriotism sees in New York another London. To him, as to Mr. Davitt—heaven knows why!—the New York journals are "pro-British." New York, like London, is for the gold standard, and that is anathema to the sons of freedom whose trumpet is the "Boy Orator of Nebraska." The coming war, in which Mr. Ballaine's imagination revels, is likely to be war between the Eastern and Western States. Let our rulers take comfort. They may be only spectators when the Adjutant-General sits triumphant on the head of the statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, or when Tammany marches irresistibly upon Olympia (Wash.).

HABITS OF STARLINGS.

THE starling came off very badly indeed upon the confusion of tongues, for there is not a British bird flying that tries to sing so much with so little effect. He exercises his vocal organs on chimney-pot, gable, tree top, and rock, but nobody ever takes him seriously as a songster. Rarely he may be heard upon the ground or at night-time, but it is useless for him to emulate the lark in a lowly mood or the vaunted nightingale. He has a few chissicking notes of his own, which are constantly bubbling up without volume or melody from his overflowingly happy heart, and two or three borrowed ones, which he can handle with such surprising dexterity as to sometimes even deceive the trained field naturalist. This trick is what makes it sound so very odd to hear the note of a sandpiper coming from a Kilburn chimney-pot, or the golden plover's lonely cry from the summit of a Clapham tree top. If the starling's song were equal to his "form" as a vocalist and to his magnificent appearance, when a glint of sunshine lights up his brilliant plumage and makes it flash with steel blue, green, and purple, all bestarred with

amber, the nightingale and kingfisher combined would hardly equal him.

He is a bird that sups very deeply of sociability all the year round, with the exception of the brief period of nesting. In fact, he is gregarious to such a remarkable extent that flocks of adult birds may be seen about the fields whilst other members of their species have got so much start of them as to be feeding their young. And whilst those which breed late are sitting upon their eggs, the fledged young ones of their neighbours have already congregated in vast noisy flocks. Very few people ever think of the migration of birds except as a wonderful nocturnal flight over vast tracts of land and sea, whereas a great deal of migration goes on within the shores of our own little country. In the winter time, for instance, there is not a starling, blackbird, thrush, lapwing, curlew, golden plover, snipe, lark, or pipit to be seen on the high Yorkshire moors and dales, although they swarm with them in summer. Starlings nearly always return with the flocks of golden plovers and lapwings.

Nature always seems to be a wasteful jade, and in the early spring starlings often drop their eggs about in the fields. When they begin to look about for eligible nesting sites, a few individuals perish by getting into holes from which they cannot escape. They cherish an intense love for some favourite old nesting sites, and will endure all sorts of persecution rather than give up a much-beloved hole. The same pair of birds have been known to return to their old nesting quarters in a hollow tree seven or eight years in succession, and lay as many as three clutches of eggs, consisting of six, five, and four, upon being robbed. They are very fond of railways, and are said to have increased considerably in numbers in Scotland since the iron horse began to snort its way through wild and lonely glens, to the detriment of the larks; but there is no proof forthcoming of the latter half of the statement. Starlings are not averse to stealing the old or new nests of sparrows, provided they can get into them, and are very partial to the dug-out homes of woodpeckers.

They are the most business-like, industrious birds of all the four hundred or so we claim as British. When searching a field they rush about, glancing from side to side, with terrific haste and eager bustle, as if the welfare of the universe depended upon their individual exertions. It is very interesting to watch a large flock search a field. They generally advance head to wind, if any happens to be blowing, and the birds in the rear are constantly flying over all their neighbours to get into the van, and thus be able to search over virgin ground. When feeding a brood of voracious young ones, which are always hungry—morning, noon, and night—and, in consequence, begging loudly for more food, they do not rush home from a foray with the first grub they find, as might be expected, but run about as if on a quest of life and death until they see some signs of another, when they lay their first capture down, and, after dexterously hacking up the second, pick the two up and fly away home.

Starlings may often be seen where no other British bird ever dreams of alighting—on the backs of cattle and especially of sheep. The former they patronise merely as perches of advantage, but the latter principally in the hope of finding some edible parasite, a procedure to which the owner does not seem to object, even when the friendly bird drags the miscreant out of the wool growing at the back of its neck.

During the summer months starlings sleep in all sorts of leaf-clad trees, but in winter most of them resort to Scotch firs and other evergreens growing in large woods, towards which they may be seen streaming, for an hour at a stretch, from one point of the compass about sunset. During fine weather they sing a sort of evening hymn before retiring, and when thousands upon thousands of them join in the glad chorus it sounds as if the whole wood were veritably alive.

R. KEARTON.

THE WITNESS OF THE "OCCULT" TO THE UNSEEN.

YEARS ago, when Madame Blavatsky was, in her degree, a power in the land, I remember being asked what I thought of Esoteric Buddhism, or Theosophy, or Occultism, or whatever was the latest catch-word just then. I replied (in effect) that, so far as my limited knowledge of the subject went, I didn't think much. When scepticism and frivolity have eaten into the heart of an age, it turns to signs and wonders—lying wonders, if no other may be. Neo-Platonism in the Alexandrian age showed similar symptoms—for which see "Hypatia," to name no more recondite authority. The reply was: "Yes; but don't you think such beliefs are better than none at all? After all, it is something to have even that amount of hold on the Unseen." I did not think so; nor do I think so now. As Bacon says: "It were better to have no opinion of God than such as were unworthy of Him." But if people hold the opposite view—that the unworthy opinion is better than none—then there is manifestly no arguing with them. And if people are so constituted that they find their faith in a Living God strengthened by the communications of mediums and the unspeakably puerile ongoings at *séances*, why! one would be sorry to grudge them any crumb of comfort; and what can one say? *Guarda e passa.*

But what strikes one as so curious in the whole movement, if we may so call it for want of a better word, is the free use of the word mysticism, and the assumption that all the "revelations" received and to be received are, somehow, a counter-action of that great bugbear, "materialism." Whereas the former is, in most cases, a grotesque misapplication, and "spiritualists" are happily unconscious of the crudely and grossly materialistic character of the views they entertain.

After all, what is the great desire—not of the so-called spiritualist only, but of the average uninstructed religious mind? That the Unseen may one day become the Seen—not that the spiritual part of our being may grow more capable of apprehending it. The crude literal views of Heaven and a future life which were held in all honesty and definiteness a generation or two back have become somewhat vague; we no longer realise them with the old child-like vividness, and prefer to leave undetermined the question of how far we really believe them or not. But if we apply a merciless analysis to that state of mind which many of us are content to call faith, we shall find that it means, briefly, an apprehension of the existence of certain beings and things, which will one day be proved to us by sight and hearing, if not of our bodily eyes and ears, at least by some means analogous to the use of those organs. So, likewise, we may believe that the friends we have lost by death are not annihilated, but existing in a happier state of being; but our belief is, we may say, tentative and provisional. It would become a certainty if we could *see* them—or any appearances which we could persuade ourselves stood for them. And the whole unseen world is only unseen for a time. When we come to die, we shall be released from a very uncomfortable strain on our faith, intellect, and imagination; we shall be surrounded by spiritual realities in a visible and tangible form, to be perceived with no more exertion than is needed to look out of window on the trees in the garden.

This is the very antithesis of the mystic attitude. The true mystic knows that Heaven is about us here and now, that the Unseen World is the reality of which the outer visible world is the form. Through the Seen we apprehend the Unseen; but the Unseen will never, in this life or any other, become the Seen—except through the inner vision of the soul, which increases in power and insight as she obeys the laws of her being. Abstract qualities are as real as the concrete actions which reveal them; the reality of

the moral law—and not a vain attempt to transcend the conditions of our being—is the true antithesis to the "things of time and sense" which pull us down. This has been said again and again, in clearer, weightier, more authoritative words than any we can hope to use; yet somehow it seems to need saying once more. So many seem to be perplexed by the fancy that they must seek God in abstraction from outward things, from the love of kinsfolk and friends, from nature, art, science, business—all the complicated interests of daily life. Or, losing themselves in abstract speculation, they begin to seek for "signs and wonders" to prove to themselves His existence, forgetting that the revelation of Divine truth is, before all else, a moral revelation.

The ideas of justice, truth, love, their flawed and imperfect embodiments in the actions and aspirations of faulty men and women, all human relations and affections, the longings of our own hearts after goodness—all these witness to us of God. And, this centre of gravity once found, all the scattered and heterogeneous elements of life fall into their places. All mysteries are not revealed to us; we cannot see, or think we see, the whole of things and their connection; but we gain an outlook which shows us, at any rate, that the difficulties still baffling us are probably due to the incompleteness of our vision, and that space and eternity are wide enough for all seeming contradictions to be reconciled in. Having this witness, do we need one to rise from the dead to confirm it to us? And is there not excellent authority for supposing that those who have it not would scarcely be convinced though one came back from the dead? There is nothing mysterious or esoteric about it. It is a question of faith; and by faith we mean, not a willingness to believe whatever you are told (like the faith which insures the perception of "spiritualist" marvels), but an honest heart and childlike readiness to learn. Mysteries there are in plenty, both in this life and that which we call the next (as though it were not attainable here and now), as the higher mathematics are mysterious to the beginner toiling at the rules of arithmetic; to the one, as to the other, there is no royal road. All astrology, magic, divination, alchemy, and what not, have been efforts to discover that royal road which does not exist; and all the labour which has been expended on vain attempts at labour-saving might have effected a considerable advance along the legitimate path.

But science can dogmatise as to what can and cannot happen in the domain of psychology quite as arrogantly as theology ever did in matters of physical science. This age is beginning to gain some insight into a class of phenomena which, known in a manner from the earliest ages of the world, are as yet but very imperfectly understood. To take them, now that the fact of their existence has been established, as proving the truth of the old superstitious explanations formerly given of them, would be as stupid as to deny them altogether. But our knowledge of these things must advance along the old highway of patient observation and induction; they are subject to the same laws as the rest of the universe, and the truth can only be ascertained by the study of those laws. We are at liberty to make any discoveries we can in this direction; but we cannot rest our belief on the very uncertain results of those discoveries any more than we can rest it on the infallibility of a Book which has been more wronged by its devotees than by its professed enemies. Those who held the old-fashioned belief in the plenary verbal inspiration of the Bible, and found in that belief the guarantee of their religious faith, necessarily made shipwreck of the same when they could no longer avoid seeing that the author of the Chronicles flatly contradicts the author of the Books of Kings. But that "idol of the tribe" once got rid of—when we cease to demand from the Book what it cannot give us—it is restored to its true place as the most potent spiritual influence in the world of thought. All the manuscripts and monuments in the world cannot impair its value as such, even though they should force us to make still further deductions from the accuracy of its historical documents. Perhaps, however, inscriptions may be discovered which will place matters in an entirely new light, and show that the documents were more accurate than we thought—only incomplete and wrongly interpreted. And if so, what will this prove? That the old superstitious attitude was the right one—that Kuenen and Colenso, Driver and Cheyne, will be covered with shame and confusion of face, and the Higher Criticism got rid of for good? No; only that nothing was ever really lost by trusting in the truth.

The parallel is not difficult to follow out. What ideas about a future life may commend themselves most strongly to any of us matters little, so long as we realise that the thing itself does not depend (as many of us unconsciously imagine it to do) on our notions of it. It is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of disembodied (or unembodied) existence; spirit needs matter or outward form to bring it within the range of cognition—to reveal it, we may say. This (to waive all other considerations) creates a presumption that, after the change which we call death—and of which, as Butler reminds us, we know so very little—we shall be provided with some material embodiment, or, as St. Paul has it, "clothed upon." But this does not involve the translation of the Unseen into the Seen. The spirit—the thing embodied—will be just where it was before. No doubt the instrument, being more perfect, would interpret the spirit more closely than the present one does; but it would not *be* the spirit. That, and the world to which it belongs, will have to be spiritually discerned—as they are now—though with fewer hindrances to such discernment.

W.

THE DRAMA.

The Christmas Pantomimes—"How London Lives."

A GOOD deal of nonsense is talked, and almost as much is believed, about the institutions which command the respect or captivate the imagination of Englishmen. If you are to believe the Quarterly Reviews and the leading articles and the platform speeches, you are to look for institutions of this kind among the Ministry, the Established Church, the Navy, the Concert of Europe, the London County Council, the daily Press, Mr. John Burns—in short, among the various topics which take it in turn to furnish the weekly cartoon of *Punch*. But anyone who, rejecting conventional opinions and minded "to see the thing as it really is," studies the taste and opinion of the people of this country knows that the majority of Englishmen do not in reality care a brass farthing about such matters. The two great popular institutions at this moment, the two things that actually occupy the attention of the crowd, are "Ranji" and the Drury Lane pantomime. And next to these two comes Mr. Dan Leno. "Ranji" is no topic for me—it is my privilege to admire him in silence—but the Drury Lane pantomime and Mr. Dan Leno I am bound to admire in print. The pantomime at Drury Lane appeals to the popular imagination for reasons which have little or nothing to do with art, but much to do with life. In the first place, it is something very expensive. It gratifies our common fancy for big figures, like a Budget speech or one of Mr. Hooley's prospectuses. For days, if not for weeks, the newspapers have been telling us how many thousands (or is it millions?) this procession and that ballet have cost to "mount," what are the princely salaries of the chief performers, what is the weekly wages-bill for stage carpenters and

machinists. Then we have estimates of the box-office receipts, and a forecast of the total profit that will have accrued by next Easter. Further, the production gives employment to a vast number of people. These are all working to a common end, so that we get an impression of organised force, of co-operative energy. Again, it gratifies in exceptionally liberal measure what the psychologists call the "play instinct" in us. All the people are being employed, and all the money is being spent, on a mere night's amusement, on something which serves no direct "use," which is done solely for the fun of the thing—like a "firework night" at the Crystal Palace, or one of Mr. Arthur Balfour's speeches on literature. Here the mind is pleased by the idea of devil-may-care lavishness, as when a Cleopatra drinks her pearl dissolved in vinegar or a tipsy millionaire devours banknotes in sandwiches. Again, the Drury Lane pantomime gratifies that love of processions and pageantry, of "masques and triumphs," which is as strong in Victorian as it was in Elizabethan England, but is—the accidental opportunity of a Jubilee year, of course, excepted—much less often gratified under Victoria than it was under Elizabeth. The chief pageant of this year's pantomime is, very literally, orchidaceous. Carlo Coppi has designed the movements, and Comelli the costumes, of an army of *coryphées*, who represent every variety of the orchid kingdom. Others besides the Secretary for the Colonies will at once see the gorgeous and fantastic possibilities of that idea. We are taken for a moment into a world of sheer beauty, and the effect is as tonic and exhilarating as though we were suddenly transported from this London of sun and fog to Cap Martin, say, or Sorrento. But our little excursion into the ideal is only a brief one. For—and here we come to a further factor in the total product of a Drury Lane pantomime—the "will-to-live" reasserts itself, the crowd insists upon being reminded of its daily life, or rather of the "life" it reads about in the sporting newspapers. And so you have a racecourse scene, and an office with a tape and a typewriter, and a "Junior Banbury Club" with "Johnnies" and "chappies."

There remains the element of fun. A good deal of this will be found to consist in exaggeration—I use the word in its strictly literal sense. Every familiar object is rendered comically unfamiliar by increase of size. The Baron's field-glasses are as large as field-pieces. The typewriter is as big as a piano (and is played upon as such). The tape is a yard wide. Candlesticks require two men to lift them. Invitation cards are a foot square. A pudding basin contains half a dozen children. This, of course, is among the most ancient traditions of Christmas pantomime. It gives us in action the same sort of pleasure which children get from reading Gulliver's adventures in Brobdingnag. Much of the fun, however, is not of this puerile order, is not traditional either, but is a comparatively new importation into pantomime. I refer to the observation of the elementary facts of life—not very subtle observation, of course—but still genuine observation, which you get from Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell. These two gentlemen are the "babes" (did I say that the pantomime is *The Babes in the Wood?*), and, though much of the humour of their performance consists in the fact that they are as unlike babes as hardened music-hall "artistes" are bound to be, nevertheless they have been at the pains to reproduce many of the characteristic tricks and gambols and artless absurdities of young (and, needless to say, very naughty) children. It would be tiresome to enter into details, and anyone can easily imagine for himself the kind of effect aimed at in the "Schoolroom," the "Babes' Kitchen," and the "Babes' Flat." And everyone—everyone, at any rate, who has children to take to the pantomime—knows the droll contrast of these two performers—the dry, jerky, mercurial Mr. Leno, and the unctuous, phlegmatic Mr. Campbell. Every tone, every attitude, every joke of this pair, it must be remembered, has been followed assiduously for the preceding year by the great majority of the public in the pit and the gallery. They have the pleasure of recognition; the children and their parents in the stalls have the pleasure of novelty—of "seeing what a music-hall is like" without actually going there.

Add to this what is never entirely absent from a show which caters for all ages and all tastes, the "sensual appeal," the bevies of shapely girls with pretty faces and a minimum of costume—and you see how Drury Lane pantomime has come to take rank among our popular British institutions. On the whole, I don't think it a bad institution. The pleasure it gives is in the main innocent enough, and is given to a very large number of people. It provides employment in the rank and file, in the "wings" and "flies" and tiring rooms, for a humble class of workers, who might, in its absence, find much difficulty in tiding over Christmas. And the handsome profit which it returns to the people who furnish the capital and brains for its production is, I daresay, much more honestly earned than the profit the same capital and brains would be making "in the City."

In the class-list of pantomimes there is no name to bracket with Drury Lane. But *Cinderella* at the Garrick is entitled to a very good *proximè accessit*. Mr. Oscar Barrett, who is responsible for this production, was the first to introduce refined taste and poetic fancy into pantomime, and he has wisely adhered to that policy. The fairy tale—probably the best of all fairy tales for pantomime—is faithfully followed, the scenes have something of the dainty grace of a painting on a last-century fan, the music is largely taken from Mendelssohn and other "classical" sources. Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. John Le Hay—excellent drolls both—are the "ugly sisters," Miss Grace Dudley is the very Cinderella of Millais' picture, Miss Helen Bertram is a Prince Charming who can sing, there is a Black Cat (a Mr. Lennon) whose antics send the youngsters into peals of laughter which it is a joy to hear, and a very tiny girl, Elsa Moxter, plays the Fairy of the Slipper with an innocent delight which must knock at the heart of every mother in the audience. I doubt, however, whether the burlesque of *The Cat and the Cherub* (Drury Lane, too, has its burlesque of *Hamlet*) is fully appreciated by a pantomime audience.

The Princess's Theatre seems to have established itself as the home of sentimental melodrama from the French. The management has followed up *Two Little Vagabonds*, which was an adaptation of *Les Deux Gosses*, with *How London Lives*, which is an adaptation of *Le Camelot*. This rather silly sentimentalism shows you the sorrows of mothers separated from their infants and befriended by the newspaper vendors of the kerbstone, uxorious baronets fooled by wicked second wives (with Spanish blood in their veins), the humour of pawnshops and the seething crowd of Fleet Street. It is my manifest duty to point out that a picture of the easternmost end of Fleet Street which fails to indicate THE SPEAKER office is inaccurate and misleading. Perhaps it was this heinous blunder which prejudiced me against the play. Anyhow, I found the tears of the distressed heroine (Miss Kate Tyndall) and the orotund heroics of Mr. Charles Warner—in the cant phrase—"unconvincing."

A. B. W.

TILL THE SHADOWS PASS.

SHE went daundering along the Warren Road, a tall and slender figure, desultory, unfinished, noticeable—a woman who, plainly, had neither fixed place nor purpose of any kind; a civilised person and a vagabond too. The Warren Road seemed quite

the sort of region for her to be in, coming as it does from the heart of the city, and wandering through all kinds of population, all kinds of houses, until, somehow, it finds a species of country, and ends in nothing particular. Cars run along it, the sordid and the respectable jostle each other; it is everything except graceful. In that respect the woman and the road did not correspond; a worn gracefulness endued her, over and through her old brown cloak, her weather-stained black dress, her crushed morsel of bonnet. All these things had been of the best once, that best which is simple and soft and expensive. She wore them in a certain unconscious and reckless way, as if she had a maid at home to brush and mend, as if, indeed, they were a mere freak and to be given away as soon as she reached home. But, after all, had she a home? And was the freak not perennial?

She was a woman with a glance, and it fell everywhere—on the indeterminate mixy-maxy of the long twisting road, which seems to end and begin again, and breaks out in fresh collocations of shops or new rows of dwellings, with here and there a church and here and there a chapel, or a school, baths, or what not. It is a boulevard, the Warren Road, and not wanting in a sort of dignity, a sort of picturesqueness. You might have said the same of the woman in the long brown cloak and the tufted morsel of black bonnet.

She stayed at shop-windows full of things for Christmas, and derided them. What a silly old fuss, this Christmas! She stopped before hoardings and scanned the advertisements—music-halls, theatres, soaps, new periodicals, excursions, and sermons. She wanted something very badly, but none of the posters offered to supply it; in fact, she didn't herself know what it was. And then she came to Saint Cardamom's church.

The saint had a big red building—Gothic, of course—and a pleasant bit of grass about it, and in the middle of the grass stood a notice-board with a bill printed in staring letters. The woman's glance lit on this bill; she stopped suddenly, and leant on the railings to look at it. The look was more fixed than she had given to anything else that afternoon.

"How curious! How very curious!" she said presently. Yet it was only an announcement of special services—an "octave" they were called—to be conducted by a well-known missioner. His name was very conspicuous in long letters: Father Ryder.

The woman laughed a little. "'Father Ryder'? No—he isn't that, so far as I know; not in the ordinary sense. How queer it looks—his name all at once, in the middle of the hubbub, and put like that—'*Father* Ryder.' Now, if I went to one of these meetings of his, and he came to speak to me, as they do, should I say 'Father' to him? Wives do, when there are children about; but, then, we never had any children. I *used* to call him Cato, he was so strict and particular. '*Father* Ryder.' How funny!"

Her tall figure over-leant the railing; her grey eyes gleamed in a grey face, thin and high-cut—a face that might have worn the gleam of diamonds above its own. There was an Irish touch, light and sweet, in her voice. "Oh, how funny it is!" she repeated.

The December afternoon faded—what there had been of it. The intimations on the bill about addresses to women only and men only became illegible, and Father Ryder's name ceased to strike the eye. "Take care, lydy!" said a shrill voice as a perambulator pushed past. The "lydy" was in a dream; she looked up and down the furrow of life—a cloud pricked with unreal lights, rumbling with unhuman sounds. What was all this? An "octave" of something or other—Wagner opera, surely: one of those great clanging, tumultuous things that went on and on and battered you with a strange delight. She had played heroine, had she not, and clashed the cymbals of love in the middle of the piece? But, no!—there was a vicarage somewhere, one of those quiet orderly places where people do what they call "duty" and know nothing of a clanging in the blood, in the nerves; people who talk about the flesh and don't in the least know what it means. In a vicarage, women are faithful to the men they have married, they are tame and keep the festivals of the Church, they do not make wild rushes for the cymbals and drums and sweet-dropping flowers of the world—no, no! Or, was there, once—just once—a wanderer who made her escape and got clean off? Well, what became of her, then? One doesn't seem to be acquainted with her. She must be a queer half-and-half kind of creature. And what about the priest-husband who failed to keep her? Did he find duty enough for him? How very odd everything is, in the Church and the world!

The figure in the brown cloak slipped through the door of Saint Cardamom's. There was nothing else in particular to do; she might as well hear Father Ryder, "the well-known missioner."

"*I* don't know him, I'm sure! He's quite a stranger to me," said a low, irregular voice. "I used to know Cato. He was a priest, too. But, oh, it's long, long ago! It may be all a dream. I daresay it is."

The church was dim and warm. Lights burned high up at the spring of the great arches; one hanging cresset threw a dramatic gleam on a straight black figure standing upon the chancel step; a measured, inelastic, resolute voice spoke, and women on chairs half-way down the long aisle listened. One who came in a little late stepped gently and stood apart from the rest, hidden by one of the big red columns. Behind her, shadow; behind the spare, black-frocked priest a shadow, dominated by the altar; above, shadow, and through the gleamings that voice describing the Life of Sin. The woman, who stood apart, leaned sideways against the pillar and, with bent head, listened—dreamed. It was as if a silent play were acted just behind him—on that piece of pavement where the lamp glimmer struck and lost itself. *See that girl in an old country house, with no one to look after her; see that curate, a young Levite passing by, not on the other side but very near, passing very often, until—— Oh, how foolish it is for them to join hands! It can't last! The girl smiles too often; she has too many fancies. Look at her beside him! Ah, she has vanished; he stands there alone.*

"My sisters, the life of sin is not your real life; it is a wandering in the dark, while the Church, the home of your soul, keeps the secret of peace."

"Poor Cato!" said one to herself behind a pillar. "What do you know of the life of sin? You should come to me for that."

There is a woman, away in the shadow. How she flits about—never still! She is very grey and shabby, poor thing. And the priest is getting old. What lines there are down his face! They might have been scored with a branding iron. Has he missed that giggling girl so much, then? Who would have thought it?

The voice went on, inflexible, monitory, yet with a strange pang in it. "How bitter everything tastes to you, though you pretend to smile," it said; and a face gleamed round a pillar with just such a smile in the quick grey eyes, in the bitter-sweet mouth. It watched Father Ryder with the look of one newly awakened to hunger. "Oh, return, return! The Church keeps the Holy Feast for you, my sisters. You need wander no more. Are you coming home?"

A little sound like a sob broke from somewhere: the woman behind the pillar stood very still, her face pressed against the stone.

That night, when the city roared itself to a sort of sleep, Father Ryder sat, cold and pale, reading a little note which a woman pushed into his hand as he left the church after the evening meeting. He felt still in every nerve the soft, sudden touch as it came for one moment in the dark—her hand,

again, and then gone, lost in the street. He would feel that touch evermore. "Dear Cato," said the note. "I will never call you that again—only this once, for old times' sake. And I'm not going to come home, literally—how can I, now that you are Father Ryder? But I have heard you talk, and I think, perhaps, you have converted me at last. We shall see—when the goats and the sheep go up together to be divided. You'll look out for me then, won't you? Because I was once your wife, whatever I am now, and you did love me. I believe you love me still, Cato, but the only thing I can do for you is to promise that I'll *keep straight*. You may trust me for that. And—if there's time, when I'm dying, I'll let Father Ryder know. He's a good man."

Father Ryder died suddenly one day, soon after that, and a woman sat night and day by the body as it lay in the mortuary of his church, before burial. He was her best friend, she said.

DEAS CROMARTY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

SIR,—We must all alike feel an interest in Australian Federation, the effort to bring about which is, it seems, on the point of being renewed. To doubt the value of colonial dependencies is not to doubt the importance of colonies. The Greater Greece was independent; so is the Greater Britain which lies to the south of us here in Canada, and which, if it is not in the dominion of Queen Victoria, is in the dominion of the British race and of British intellect and civilisation.

Two things, essentially different, are apt, in common parlance, to be confounded—a federation proper and a nation with a federal structure. The union of the American colonies in the interval between the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of their present Constitution was a federation proper. It was a league of sovereign, or quasi-sovereign, states, with a Federal Council, the authority of which was limited to the special object of the confederation, common defence, and which had the power of requisition but not the power of central taxation. Since the adoption of the Constitution the United States have been a nation with a federal structure. The sovereignty is in the united nation, the Constitution being, with the exception of the single article securing the equal representation of states in the Senate, subject to amendment by a national process. The central government has the power of taxation, which it has used not only for the purpose of revenue, but for that of protection. The political parties are national, and pervade state as well as federal politics. The confederations of antiquity belong to the class of federations proper, as did the original Swiss Bund and the United Netherlands. Our Canadian Dominion, on the other hand, belongs to the class of nations with a federal structure. The political parties are national; they pervade provincial as well as Dominion politics; and the central government has the power of taxation, which, like the central government of the United States, it has used not only for the purpose of revenue, but for that of protection, incurring thereby the difficulties and disputes attendant on the tariff question.

To turn a number of states or colonies into a nation with a federal structure is an arduous undertaking. In the act of centralisation all the centrifugal forces are called into play. We know how difficult the process proved in the case of the American colonies, overwhelmingly great as the inducements to union in their case were. In the case of Canada, the two chief provinces, Ontario and Quebec, then Upper and Lower Canada, were united by the influence—in fact, by the fiat—of the Imperial country. The smaller provinces were afterwards drawn in, Nova Scotia by a very violent process, really for the purpose of putting an end to the deadlock which the dissension between the two united provinces brought about. Newfoundland still stands aloof.

The framing of a Constitution for a nation with a federal structure also presents great difficulties, as the Australians have found. If you have two elective chambers with co-ordinate powers, you run the risk of a deadlock such as they have had at Washington. The nominee Senate of Canada has no real power.

The Australians seem bent on making themselves a nation with a federal structure. Have they fully considered the alternative of a federation proper? There would be far less difficulty both in the formation and in the working of a simple Federal Council invested with power only for objects strictly federal, such as defence, naturalisation, copyright, patent, marriage, coinage, and raising its necessary supplies not by taxation, but by requisition. Each colony would raise the sum necessary to meet the requisition in its own way. Each colony might also choose its own way of electing its delegate to the Council. Thus the difficulties both of the tariff question and of the franchise question would be avoided. As a first step, at all events, a limited measure of this kind might deserve consideration.

If, however, the Australians decide upon a nation with a federal structure, they will have to consider what is to be the motor of their machine. The motor of Parliamentary machines hitherto has been party, which, when there is no conflict between Stuart and Hanoverian or about any great dividing principle, is faction, and has shown its character in England by sweeping extensions of the franchise without regard to the balance of the Constitution, and at last by the revival for a party purpose of long-buried antipathies of race and a narrow escape from dismemberment. What there is in Australia which can form a rational and permanent basis for political parties, Australians best know.

Supposing the Australians embrace party government, they will certainly have to adopt the British system with responsible Ministers sitting in Parliament to control legislation and finance. For party government the American Constitution is manifestly a misfit, as is shown by the strange expedient to which Congress is driven by using the Speaker as the party leader in the House of Representatives. The results are the absence of responsible leadership, the consequent domination of "bosses," a lack of control over legislation and finance, and the state of confusion into which legislation and finance, especially finance, have lately fallen.—Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, December 16th, 1897.

LIBERAL POLICY.

SIR,—As a Liberal who has for a good many years taken some share of work for the party, and who has been a steady reader of THE SPEAKER since its first issue, I should be glad to be allowed to say to my fellow-Liberals through your columns a few words inspired by the events of the past three months, and notably by Mr. Morley's Bristol speech, your article on which on the 18th inst. was looked for and read by me—and, I am sure, by many others—with extreme interest.

As a humble but, I trust, practical politician, I find it impossible to avoid great anxiety for the early future of the party so long as a large number of its more active members seem to fail to recognise that, however dear to individuals and associations within its wide borders may be certain particular legislative reforms for which they are agitating, however strong their conviction that their particular reform is entitled to first, or to a prominent, place in the party's active programme, *not one* of those reforms can be carried in anything approaching its integrity so long as the House of Lords retains the full power of veto.

Home Rule for Ireland is to many of us, as to myself, a dear and sacred cause, quite as much for the sake of England as for Ireland herself. We know, however, that even if the Nationalist party were again absolutely united in joining English Liberals in pressing on the measure, no Home Rule Bill worth having at all could be got through the House of Lords as at present constituted. Again, electoral reform worth the name has not the slightest chance of passing the Lords, and yet our local associations and National Federation spend much time in discussing that subject, apparently forgetting entirely that the line is altogether blocked ahead of them, and that it is in vain they get up steam before the block is removed. Local Veto is being just as constantly and uselessly debated in our meetings and newspapers, the inevitable House of Lords guillotine being entirely ignored. Why do we not one and all straightway look the position in the face, recognise that no Liberal Administration can ever, as things now stand, get any large measure worth five minutes' discussion passed through the House of Lords, and take action accordingly? Let us go to the next General Election on that question alone as far as home politics are concerned. We shall be forced into that attitude some day, and why should there be any more delay? Till we settle that matter with the House of Lords once for all we Liberals may just as well

"cultivate our own firesides" as far as any of the reforms we have most at heart are concerned. Most of us would much prefer that course to wasting further labour on the ploughing of interminable sands.

May I turn for a moment to Mr. Morley's Bristol speech? He has apparently, I believe for the first time in his life, been sending up kites in order to ascertain for his guidance the strength of the breeze by which the movement for the destruction of the House of Lords' veto is at present propelled. It is impossible otherwise to reconcile many of his remarks at Bristol with his past connection with the question.

He says, "Wait for the Lords to give you an occasion" to attack them. Have they not done this over and over again till we are sick and weary? Have not the cheers of thousands and thousands of people at almost as many meetings any time these twenty years past shown by their threefold vigour, as compared with the same demonstrations on any other question that could be named, that the people only wait to be led to the attack on the Lords' veto? Can it be that it is the leaders who need the education? Once more, with reference to Sir Robert Reid's proposal that no Liberal Government should again take office without first obtaining from Her Majesty power to create a sufficient number of peers to secure the passing of the Veto Abolition Bill, Mr. Morley remarks in effect, "How strange to create more of the very persons whose power is so obnoxious!" The proposal is, of course, to create the persons in order to destroy the power once and for all, and to give all members of the House of Lords the option of quitting that House for ever and standing for election to the Commons. That being so, it is hard indeed to see the force of Mr. Morley's criticism.

Moreover, Mr. Morley would no doubt agree with most of us in the opinion that the actual creation of the new peers would never be needed, as the power to create them when once placed in the hands of a Liberal administration would almost certainly suffice to send the Bill through even the present House of Lords.

Let us, then, take every opportunity of giving Mr. Morley clear indications in response to his *ballons d'essai*, and of letting him and our other leaders know that we are ready to concentrate all our forces for an attack on the Tory citadel, if only they will give us clear and steadfast leading.—I enclose my card, and I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,

COUNTY POLLING DISTRICT CHAIRMAN.

December 27th, 1897.

LOCAL OPTION.

SIR,—You wish to know the opinion of your readers on the subject of the Local Option Bill, whether some such Bill should continue to form part of the Liberal programme. I am strongly of opinion that it should do so. Most Liberals with whom I speak are in favour of Local Control. Pray drop once and for ever the words Local Veto. The word veto is erroneous and misleading. At the General Election not one voter in fifty knew anything of the provisions and probable effects of Sir William Harcourt's Bill. What they did know was the Bill as seen through Tory spectacles. The country was flooded with the most solemn assertions that if that Bill became law no working man would ever again be able to enjoy his glass of beer in peace. On July 9th, Lord Burton, who must be supposed to be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and whose words would no doubt have immense influence, particularly in Derby, described the Bill, in a widely-circulated letter, as one to enable "*a small clique of fanatical ratepayers* in any parish to interfere with the habits and social enjoyments of the working classes, and to dictate to them their mode of living." He also declared that the Bill would render valueless the shares of every brewery in the kingdom; thus he appealed to the ignorant poor and the ignorant rich. Can it be wondered at that in every constituency there should have been found a number of voters who were terrified by these alarming statements? The question as to whether the English people desire to have the control of the liquor traffic in their own hands will never be satisfactorily answered until some means are found of ascertaining their wishes on this one subject, irrespective of other questions which claim the attention of the Liberal party. An appeal to the Parliamentary voters would, no doubt, be an expensive affair; but I believe if it were authorised by the Chairman of the County Council in each constituency it would be answered, and the money would be forthcoming through private subscription in each area to carry out such a plan.—I remain, Sir,

A READER OF "THE SPEAKER."

BURKE'S GRAVE.

DEAR SIR,—The account of "V. K.'s" "Pilgrimage to the Grave of Burke," in Saturday's issue of your paper, has reappeared in our local press, and, like most other descriptions by pilgrims to interesting country places, it is very erroneous. Probably this occurs because they obtain their information from either new residents or unknowledgeable persons. For instance, "V. K." starts by asking "the maiden at the inn" where Burke lived, and says she "persisted it was called 'Gregories.'" As a matter of fact, Burke never lived at Gregories'. He also says he "expected to see just such a ruined manor house as there are plenty of in Ireland, and thought as he ploughed his bicycle through the mud back to London, 'You clear away your ruins better in England.'" This shows he knows little of the subject about which he writes, for Burke's house was burnt to the ground early in this century, so I am afraid "V. K." is as "frankly ignorant" as he found the "maiden at the inn."

"V. K." then goes on to say at Gregories' he saw the farmer's daughter (he was evidently in search of ladies as well as Burke's house), and this, Sir, falls a little short of libel, and I must most strongly protest, for I am the farmer and a bachelor.

"V. K.'s" notion that "the good people of Beaconsfield do not care to be reminded of a philosopher, and therefore cover the aisle—brass and all—with cocoa-nut matting, prison made," is again wrong, for the good people of Beaconsfield are proud of their former resident; and if it was not for these good people and their forefathers covering the brass with cocoa-nut matting it would have been worn out long ago.

I once read a book called "Jessie's Haunts" which described Burke's house as being in the centre of Beaconsfield, but it's well known that his house was half a mile out of the town.

It's a pity that these "Penny-a-line Pilgrims" are not made to vouch for the veracity of their statements before they appear in print.

Therefore, to save a wild-goose chase by would-be pilgrims, and also probably a number of tiresome inquirers at Gregories' Farm, I hasten to inform the public that Burke never lived at "Gregories'," for it was built long after his death.—Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR CHARSLEY.

Gregories' Farm, Beaconsfield, December 22nd, 1897.

[The tone of our correspondent's letter is quite unnecessarily acrimonious. Our contributor "V. K.," who is not a "penny-a-liner," but a Member of Parliament, furnished us with a very interesting article, in which we gather that only one mistake was made.—Ed. SPEAKER.]

WITH THE CHIDDINGFOLDS.

THE horse is bedded down
Where the straw lies deep.
The hound is in the kennel;
Let the poor hound sleep!
And the fox is in the spinney
By the run which he is haunting,
And I'll lay an even guinea
That a goose or two is wanting
When the Farmer comes to count them in the morning.

The horse is up and saddled;
Girth the old horse tight.
The hounds are out and casting
In the winter light.
Now it's "Yoick!" among the heather
And it's "Yoick!" across the clover,
And it's "To him, all together!"
"Hyke a Bertha! Hyke a Rover!"
And the woodlands smell so sweetly in the morning.

"There's Termagant a-whimpering;
She whimpers so."
"There's a young hound yapping!"
Let the young hound go!
But the old hound is cunning,
And it's him we mean to follow,
"They are running! They are running!"
And it's forrard to the hollo,
For the scent is lying strongly in the morning.

"Who's the fool that heads him?"
Hold hard, and let him pass!
He's out among the oziers
He's clear upon the grass.
You grip his flanks and settle,
For the horse is stretched and straining,
Here's the game to test your metal,
Here's the sport to try your training,
When the Chiddingfolds are running in the morning.

We're up by the Coppice
And we're down by the Mill,
We're out upon the Common,
And the hounds are running still.
You must tighten on the leather,
For we blunder through the bracken;
Though you're over hocks in heather
Still the pace must never slacken
As we race through Thursley Common in the morning.

Now we break from the tangle,
We are out on the green,
There's a bank and a rail
With a quickset between.
You must steady him and try it,
You are over with a scramble.
Here's a wattle! You must fly it,
And you land among the bramble,
For it's roughish, toughish going in the morning.

There's a bog by the Grove
And you pound through the slush.
See the whip! See the huntsman!
We are close upon his brush.
'Ware the root that lies before you!
It will trip you if you blunder,
'Ware the branch that's drooping o'er you
You must dip and swerve from under
As you gallop through the woodlands in the morning.

Fifty at the find,
And forty at the mill,
Twenty on the heath,
And ten are going still.
Some are pounded, some are shirking,
And they dwindle and diminish
Till a weary pair are working,
Spent and blowing, to the finish,
And we hear the shrill whoo-ooping in the morning.

The horse is bedded down
Where the straw lies deep,
The hound is in the kennel,
He is yapping in his sleep.
But the fox is in the spinney
Lying snug in earth and burrow.
And I'll lay an even guinea
We could find again to-morrow,
If we chose to go a-hunting in the morning.

A. C. D.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A Plea for a Good Text.

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor 'lown.'"

SO sings Iago in Act ii., Scene 3, of *Othello*, and so the lines are remembered by most. But the whole song (which we may call "Bell, my Wife," or "Take thine Auld Cloak about thee") may be found in Percy's "Reliques," in Professors Hales and Furnivall's edition of the Percy Folio Manuscript, and in Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany." Ramsay gives the king in question as King Robert (of Scotland), and puts the price of his breeches at 2s. 6d. in those more thrifty latitudes—

"In days when our King Robert rang
His trews they cost but ha'f a crown . . ."

The Percy Folio calls him "King Harry"—

"King Harry was a verry good K[ing;]
I trow his hose cost but a crowne;
He thought them 12d. ouer to deere,
Therefore he called the taylor Clowne . . ."

Percy in his "Reliques" very pardonably abandoned the reading of his MS. to follow Shakespeare. But Shakespeare makes Iago sing one stanza only of the song; and in his version of the others Percy removed what he termed the "corruptions" of his MS. "by the assistance of the Scottish" (*i.e.* Ramsay's) version.

Now in themselves the questions, To whom did these breeches belong? and How much did they cost? are of no great importance. But I take this capital old song as a handy and tractable example of a mass of work that waits to be done, if it can be done with scholarship and without pedantry. Speaking as a general reader, I want a good text for it; one from which we can all quote; one that will save us the labour of taking down three or four volumes and piecing the song together, each man for himself. The original text has been irrecoverably lost. The song is undoubtedly of northern origin; but the Scottish version (Ramsay's) is quite as undoubtedly the poorest of all, and likely enough the farthest from the original. We have, besides, the MS. version, better in most respects, but corrupt in places; Percy's emendations, not entirely satisfactory; and lastly, a stanza quoted by Shakespeare and therefore deserving great respect, but possibly quoted loosely from memory, after his manner. With the few authorities in this state of confusion, surely we invite to no act of desecration if we ask some trusted English scholar (say Professor Hales) to step in, weigh the variants, line by line, against each other, and educe the best text possible.

In the opening stanza of the song (or dialogue) Percy pretty closely follows his MS., with the version of which no fault can be found. I modernise the spelling.

This winter's weather it waxeth cold
And frost it freezeth on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blasts so bold
That all our cattle are like to spill.
Bell my wife, she loves no strife,
She said unto me quietlye
"Rise up and save Cow Crumbock's life,
Man, put thine old cloak about thee."

The second stanza, containing the good-man's first attempt at remonstrance, is not in Ramsay. Percy found it in the MS., but altered it considerably. It runs—

He.—"O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte? [scold
Thou kens my cloak is very thin;
It is so sorë over-worn
A crickë thereon cannot run: [a louse
I'll go find the Court within,
I'll no longer lend nor borrow;
I'll go find the Court within,
For I'll have a new cloak about me."

This is clearly corrupt. The repetition of "I'll go find the Court within" suggests either a careless copyist, or some failure in the reporter's memory. Moreover, the rhymes (as a rule pretty good throughout) are here in a hopeless mess. Percy suggested "flyte and scorn" in the first line, and boldly emended the last quatrain—

"Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend,
For once I'll new apparel'd be,
To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
For I'll have a new cloak about me."

—an emendation not bad in itself; but it gives a somewhat different turn to the good-man's announced intention, and it forced Percy to introduce a needless alteration in stanza 3—

She.—Cow Crumbock is a very good cow,
She hath been always true to the pail,
She hath helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fail;
For I would be loth to see her pine;
Therefore good husband, follow my counsel now,
Forsake the Court and follow the plough;
Man, take thine old cloak about thee.

Having cut out "I'll go find the Court within," Percy had also to remove the allusion to the Court in this stanza. He wrote—

"I would be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, counsel take of me,
It is not for us to go so fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

For my part, if the suggestion may be offered, I suspect that lines 5 and 6 should be inverted, and that the original may have run—

"Good husband, follow my counsel now,
For I would be loth to see her [die];
Forsake the Court, and follow the plough;
Man, take thine old cloak about thee."

—"Die" with its northern pronunciation "dee," of course. I have not space here to follow the song in detail to the end. The reluctant husband objects that he has had his cloak forty-four years, and means to get a new one. The wife retorts—

She.—It is four and forty years ago
Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us both,
Children either nine or ten:
We have brought them up to women and men,
In the fear of God I trow they be:
O, why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

"Both," in line 3, should obviously be "two." "Between us twa," says Ramsay. The husband answers—

He.—O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flyte?
Now is now, and then was then;
Seek all the world now throughout,
Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen:
They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue
So far above their own degree;
Once in my life I'll take a view,
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

"View," or rather "vew," is not clearly written in the MS., a facsimile of which is published in Messrs. Hales and Furnivall's edition. Nares suggests that the word is "tew," a rope or line, and Dr. Furnivall interprets "I'll take a tew" as "I'll give myself some rope," licence. "Take a view" gives a neat picture of the old fellow strutting about in his new cloak. Percy, at any rate, goes completely wrong in his emendation—

"They are clad in black, green, yellow, or *grey*,
So far above their own degree:
Once in my life I'll do as they . . ."

But grey was surely good peasant wear, and there would be nothing presumptuous in a clown's going about in that colour. Next follows the stanza about King Harry (or Stephen) and his tailor: and with all respect one cannot help feeling that Shakespeare's

"He was a wight of high renown"

is no improvement on the MS.,

"He was a King, and wore the Crown,"

which is more definite and adds a comic touch to the comparison—

"He was a King, and wore the Crown,
And thou'se but of a low degree;
It's pride that puts this country down;
Man, put thine old cloak about thee."

Of course, the good man has to give way. "It's no good for a man to dispute with his wife," he says in effect.

"It's not for a man with a woman to threap [dispute
Unless he first give over the play; ["plea," Ramsay and
We will live now as we began [Percy
And I'll have mine old Cloak about me."

I cannot help believing that in the original the penultimate line must have run "As we began, so we will keep." But I am not writing this for the sake of putting forward guesses: rather to illustrate by this one example the kind of work which a lover of poetry, who is neither specialist nor scholar, needs to have done for him. Therefore if this should meet the eye of any specialist or scholar, I require him not to waste his valuable time in trouncing any small errors of mine, but to address his attention to my main argument, that there is no good reason why a reader who enjoys such old songs as this which Cassio declared to be exquisite, should have to go hunting around among many books to prepare for himself a text, while instructed scholars could prepare a better one and give it a certain amount of authority.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS.

GOVERNMENTS AND PARTIES IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE. By A. Lawrence Lowell. In 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co.; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NOT only students of politics, but all thoughtful men who wish to read with intelligence the news which the press gives us of public affairs in the great countries of Europe, have for years past been desiring a book which should give within a moderate compass a clear, accurate, and succinct account of the Constitutions and political managements of those countries—an account, in fact, calculated to make their political struggles comprehensible. Such a book has at last appeared, and from the hand of an American writer. That an American rather than an Englishman should have essayed the task will hardly surprise those who have noticed how much more actively all studies connected with public law and constitutions are prosecuted in the United States than they are here among ourselves; and there is, perhaps, a certain advantage in having the subject handled by a citizen of that Republic, because he is more likely to be detached from any European political prepossessions than even an Englishman would be. Anyhow, Mr. Lowell has done his work carefully and thoroughly. The book is well conceived, well arranged, and well written. There is no rhetoric, nor was there any occasion for rhetoric. Everything is businesslike and practical, and the style has the merits, which such a book ought to have, of clearness, directness, and, above all, precision—a quality specially necessary in a book dealing with intricate constitutional questions.

The countries treated of are France, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Switzerland. The same method is followed as regards each. First there is given a concise account of the main features of the constitution and frame of government, sometimes introduced by a sketch of the events which brought the Constitution into being. Next comes an account of the growth of political parties, which leads up to a description of the main current questions and the attitude of the parties to them. The chief difficulties in following out this plan are two—that of knowing which features in a perhaps complicated Constitution to isolate and describe, and that of preventing the account of parties from becoming too much a photograph of their actual position at this moment, instead of a general view of their past as well as their present. Both these difficulties have been successfully avoided.

The salient features of each "frame of government" have been judiciously selected to be described, and the account of parties and current controversies is given in the spirit rather of an historian than of a journalist with his eyes fixed merely on the phenomena of yesterday and to-day. It is no inconsiderable addition to the value of the book that full references are given to the authorities from whom the legal and constitutional facts stated have been drawn, for these references will save time and trouble to whoever desires to pursue in detail the paths of study here suggested. So far as we have been able to judge by a careful reading of the book, without an examination of the authorities cited, Mr. Lowell is accurate in his facts. Here and there one finds a somewhat loose statement. For instance, we are

told (vol. i., p. 32, note) that the British First Lord of the Treasury has no "administrative duties." Now, though the First Lord's work is slight in comparison with the importance of his position, he has some duties, and some of them are important. Neither is it correct to say (vol. i., p. 45) that "in England and America the authority to make regulations having the force of law is delegated by the legislature very sparingly," for we have now in England a very large mass of this sort of subsidiary legislation, as anyone may see by inspecting the volumes of Statutory Rules and Orders. So to speak (vol ii., p. 97) of "the non-Slavic origin of the Poles" is a somewhat lax expression, for though Mr. Lowell, of course, knows that the Poles are members of the great Slavonic family, ethnologically near of kin to the Czechs, and merely means by this phrase to contrast them with the other Slavic races of the Austrian Empire, still his words might mislead a less instructed reader. Similarly, it would be more correct to call the Szeklers of Transylvania a branch of the Magyar nation than to call them (vol. ii., p. 126) a "race closely allied to the Magyar." Nor is his reference to the Athenian Areopagus (vol. ii., p. 333) in accordance with the facts. These, however, are small matters, and do not in the least detract from the confidence which the diligence and care shown by Mr. Lowell inspire. His book is one of the most interesting, as well as most practically helpful, which has for a long time past appeared in the field of political science. To analyse his treatment, even of any one of the different States dealt with, would involve more space than we can give; but one may illustrate the method pursued from one State, which is at this moment particularly in the public eye. That strange composite State which is called the Austrian Empire is treated under three divisions: first, the Austrian Monarchy proper—that is, Bohemia, Galicia, the Archduchies of Upper and Lower Austria, and the other provinces—of Cis-Leithania; next, the territories of the Hungarian Crown, *i.e.* Hungary with Transylvania (now a part of Hungary), and Croatia; lastly, the Dual Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which may be best described as a Federal State consisting of two component members. In the first division we have, after the main constitutional features have been described, an instructive narrative of the various devices to which the Emperor and his Ministers have resorted, in order to induce the discordant nationalities to work together in the Reichsrath, and an explanation of the causes which have baffled these efforts. Mr. Lowell rightly places in the forefront three facts. One is the growing vehemence of national feeling among the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia. Another is the want of practical political common-sense among the Germans, who form the strongest of the national elements. The third is the crossing and disturbing influence of religion, which has sometimes prevented the Conservative elements from rallying to the support of the Ministers of the Crown. When he comes to describe the Government and politics of Hungary, he notes with equal clearness and precision the dominant fact in the situation there, viz., that the Magyars, who are the strongest among the jarring nationalities in that kingdom, are so determined to maintain their supremacy, that no political group has ever carried its political hostility to any Magyar Ministry far enough to turn it out by a vote in the popular chamber. Ministries usually last long, and when they fall, they fall from internal causes, or because it is felt that they are losing the confidence of the people. But the great bulk of the Magyars, a few extremists excepted, feel that they must hold together against the mass of Slavs and Roumans by whom they are surrounded. Finally, in treating of the relations of the two halves of the Monarchy, he points out that nothing keeps together two States so jealous of one another, and possessing so little natural unity or homogeneity, except the pressure of external dangers, especially that which threatens Hungary from the power of Slavonic Russia. And he might have added that even this potent force may fail when there is no longer an experienced and respected monarch to exert the vast influence which he has acquired, and which is conceded to him just because it is felt that in such a country a permanently strong executive is needed.

Not the least interesting part of the book is the concluding section, which deals with Switzerland. Its phenomena are singularly unlike those which democracy presents in England, in France, or in the United States. Not only the constitutions, both of the Confederation and of nearly all the cantons, are more democratic than those of the three last-named countries, but the abstract principles of pure democracy, as illustrated in the free use of direct legislation by the people, are more generally diffused and more firmly held. Nevertheless, the Swiss are less given to change than the peoples of those three countries, and far less torn by party strife. They keep their executive outside party, and retain its members in office for long periods. And some remarkable instances are given in this book of the rejection by the people in such ultra-democratic cantons as Zurich, of measures purporting to be framed in the interests of the working classes. The summary which Mr. Lowell gives of the working of the Referendum and Initiative is clear and instructive. He arrives at substantially the same conclusion as that which has the high authority of Numa Droz, that on the whole the Referendum, both in the cantons and in the Federal Government, has proved serviceable, and contributed largely to the absence of violent party struggles, while the Initiative, or right of a section of the people themselves to propose laws to be voted on by all citizens, is dangerous to the stability of the Government as well as likely to produce serious legislative errors. And he points out that the conditions which enable the Referendum to work well in little Switzerland are so far different from those of the United States as to forbid an argument to be drawn from the former to the latter. This is no less true of England; and those who advocate the introduction of the Referendum among ourselves may be recommended to study the facts so skilfully arranged by Mr. Lowell.

SHAKESPEARE AND SPORT.

THE DIARY OF MASTER WILLIAM SILENCE. A study of Shakespeare and Elizabethan Sport. By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. MADDEN is a fortunate man. He has reaped a harvest in fields where others are content to glean. Exhuming, like Bishop Blougram's Gigadibs, a "point unseized by the Germans," he has amplified it into a canon of Shakespearian criticism. The discovery came to him, he tells us, while stag hunting on Exmoor in long-past years; years, may we say, familiar in those days to ourselves, when Granville Somerset with his string of splendid horses, and Chief Justice Cockburn resting from Queen's Bench toil, and beautiful Miss Kinglake queen of Western equestrians, and Jack Russell on a cob far more parsonic-looking than himself, reappeared each autumn at the opening meet in Cloutsham, saw the stag of twelve points bayed in the Doone Valley, turning on the hounds at Watersmeet, or driven into the sea at St. Audries, under the generalship of massive, imperturbable, despotic Fenwick Bisset. We may have met him in the field, may have even talked with him, not knowing, ardent Shakespearians ourselves, that we were accosting an angel unawares. Following then the red deer, restricted now to North Somerset and North Devon, once spread far and wide, he became impressed with the Shakespearian character of the sport; one passage after another recurred to him, showing intimate knowledge of the chase, as handed down to us in contemporary books on sport, till he

determined to throw into a fictitious narrative, with characterisation drawn from the dramatist's own pages, and a touch of love-making to tickle the ears of the groundlings, a hunting narrative which should collect and embody the scattered allusions of the plays. We are introduced accordingly to immortal Master Shallow, accompanied, as in *King Henry IV.*, by his friends Slender and Silence, with the "black ousel" Ellen Silence, and her brother William from the Inns of Court, to whose pen the record is ascribed. And here we are arrested by a heresy. Shallow was not, as we had been taught, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot in Warwickshire, but a Gloucestershire squireling from the Dursley side of the Cotswolds. Very skilful are the arguments by which the author, a legal adept in both testimony and expert evidence, shows the known history of Lucy to separate him widely from Shallow, socially, morally, and intellectually; though the *Merry Wives of Windsor* in its rewritten and later form satisfies some spite or humour at which we can only guess, by charging Shallow's coat with the dozen white luces of the Lucy shield. Even more striking is the evidence which identifies him not with Warwickshire but with Gloucestershire, and shows a familiarity on Shakespeare's part with the minutest details of Cotswold scenery such as only a native or a habitual resident could exhibit. In honour of one Petre and his newly-married wife, drawn from Petruchio and Katharine, Shallow holds first a stag hunt in the open, then a deerstalking with crossbows in a pale or park, in which are introduced the sayings and characters of the two Plays; the sententious squire's reminiscences of the chimes at midnight; his neighbours William Visor of Wancot and Clement Perkes of the Hill, both names identified locally by Mr. Madden's researches; William Cook, purveyor of kickshaws; serving-man Davy, proposing to sow the headlands with red wheat, as headlands are still sown round Dursley. Pressed into the tale are every sentence, line, or even word from any of the plays or poems which carry us in quest of deer, fox, hare; the names of the dogs, the cryptic terms of woodcraft—liam and trail, and trash and counter, and lethe and pricket, and sorel and rascal—which, though long forgotten and obsolete, are recoverable from the quaint pages of "The Noble Arte of Venerie" and Manwood's "Forest Lawes," and Markham's "Country Contentment." Similar old books are ransacked in their turn to show Shakespeare's knowledge of falconry. Master Petre repays his neighbour's hospitality by a day's hawking, and we are taught how little we know and how much Shakespeare knew of falcons and estridges, ger-falcons and peregrines, tercel-gentles and muskets, astringers and eyasses and staniels. We enjoy from Cotsall slopes the day's varied sport: belled falcons mount their pitch to stoop upon the sprung partridges, tassel-gentles take wing like Romeo and are lured back to their keeper's wrist, two well-trained haggards chase and strike to earth a soaring heron; each incident, as before, embodying Shakespeare's words, showing not elaborate untechnical description, like Drayton's of the Thetford hawking in the "Polyolbion," but speaking, without an effort and with easy command of all its idioms, the dead language of "Faulconrie." Not even then is our Gigadibs's erudition exhausted. Recalling the tradition that in his early London days Shakespeare earned his living by the care of horses, he will see if his references to horsemanship, when tested by Elizabethan treatises, are equally appropriate and correct, as they are for certain equally numerous, with his radiation of hunting and hawking lore. This theme is more recondite than the other two; for while the excitement and the cruelty of hunting still minister to the lower instincts of Matthew Arnold's Barbarians, and while the practice of falconry—although Walter Scott and Kingsley, sportsmen and nature-lovers both, have made, as Mr. Madden shows, serious blunders in their rash handling of accipitral illustration—is still extant in the British isles, the Great Horse, the Manege, and the Cariere have vanished into the *Equorum Limbus*, and must be painfully revoked from Markham, Sadler, Torbervile. Recalled they are by indefatigable Mr. Madden to light up many an allusion which has escaped puzzled commentators. It is made clear, first of all, that Shakespeare knew how to buy a horse—witness the catalogue of "points" in "Venus and Adonis," and the privity to Smithfield dealers' manufacture of a fictitious forehead star in *Antony and Cleopatra*. He understood the feeding of horses: sweet hay, oats, and beans when in hard work, a drench of barley broth for over-tired "sur'reined jades." He cites the various kinds of horse: the Great Horse, the Mar's fiery steed of Parolles; the ambling gelding ridden by Master Ford; Lord Hastings's foot-cloth horse; the rough fill-horse of old Gobbo; the pack-horses of the Rochester carriers; best loved and most spirited of all, the roan of Henry Hotspur. Pet names are scattered through his pages: Richard's White Surrey, Ague-cheek's Grey Capilet, old Lafeu's Bay Curtal, Roan Barbary of Bolingbroke. He was versed in the discipline of horses—the "stubborn bit," the spur, the "backing and burdening," the encouragement of "clapping hand and flattering holla"; in the secrets of the manege, the pace, the false gallop, the stop, the curvet; he sums up in Petruchio's sorry wedding steed more than a dozen of the unsoundnesses to which a screw is liable; he uses the patois of grooms—mosing, fashions, fives, springhalt—corruptions which Mr. Madden traces and reveals; he bridles Henry's horses for Agincourt with "gimmal," or soft and jointed, bits; puts into the mouth of Lear's fool his stable knowledge of a horse's abhorrence for all greasy matter—"'Twas her brother that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay." It seems as if no single play can be found in which the characters, whatever their profession or sex, do not clothe stray thoughts in metaphors from horseflesh and horseback.

So far the sporting exegesis bears literary or historic interest only; but when we find that these allusions, crowding all Shakespeare's plays, are wholly wanting in the writings of his dramatic contemporaries, it becomes a critical weapon for detecting the spuriousness or, it may be, the partial authenticity of the doubtful plays. Test in hand, Mr. Madden goes through them one by one. In *Titus Andronicus*, in the rewritten scenes of the second and third parts of *Henry VI.*, in *Henry VIII.*, in *Pericles*, all of them plays doubtfully admitted, he finds Shakespeare's work; from the older *Taming of the Shrew* and from the first part of *Henry VI.* it is altogether absent. Of plays not printed in the received Shakespeares, and, doubtfully or rigidly, excluded by the critics, he finds *The Two Noble Kinsmen* unquestionably, *Edward III.* and *The Birth of Merlin* probably, Shakespearian in parts, with large admixture of inferior matter. And, further, his investigation of all these points brings out unequivocally the authority of the Folio as superior to the Quartos. That the Folio is crammed with errors he, of course, admits; but he asserts the honesty of the Editors, goes so far as to pronounce all existing readings of the texts to be "vitiated by the trail of the Quarto"; lays down rules by which a purged and complete edition may yet be given to the world; hints that, Oxford and Cambridge having tried their hands and failed, a Dublin Version, based upon the Folio and clarified from both original and superadded imperfections, may in due time realise the ideal Shakespeare. Let all the people say Amen! though before this consummation can mature, the questions of the Folio, and of the sporting test especially, more amazing in its novelty than even in its ingenuity, will have to be fought out and settled.

Meanwhile, apart from controversy, we owe deep gratitude to Mr. Madden for a delightful book. It gives a new motive to our Shakespeare reading. It brings before us, not with antiquarian pedantry and diffuseness, but with genial illusion as of a

contemporary pen, the outdoor life of merry England three hundred years ago. It raises the veil a little way from the mystery of Shakespeare's outer life, to manifest him *totus atque teres* alike in vulgar sport and in divine philosophy: like the Dauphin's horse, he soars and trots the air, yet makes the earth sing when he touches it. A little way Mr. Madden raises it; yet, as we think over his chapter on the Folio, it falls more dense than ever. In the chronology of Shakespeare's writings we can roughly trace the consecutive developments of his mind; we note the joyousness of his early Comedies, the storm and stress of Sonnets and of Tragedies, the light at eventide of his later plays. Even so he defies all customary analysis of intellectual creativeness, all estimates drawn from the analogy of his fellow-giants in the realm of literature. That he was unconscious of a mission, and careless of his brain-progeny so soon as born, is part only of the miracle of his life. We see him beginning as a 'prentice by adaptation of others' handiwork; rising through crudeness, sweetness, supremacy of conscious mastery, to be the plenipotentiary of human nature; yet tossing his great works aside so soon as they had filled his purse that he might play shovelboard with Stratford graziers, taking no heed to their collection or revision, leaving to his fellow-actors after death to produce them in the worst edited volume of which letters have any record. Like a primary force of Nature, he remains inscrutable and unresolved; we feed upon the plays with appetite ever crescent, appreciation ever ripening and generative; from the man we retire baffled, to comfort and to veil our nescience in De Quincey's comprehensive aphorism, "that he lived, and that he died, and that he was a little lower than the angels."

WITH NATURE AND A CAMERA.

WITH NATURE AND A CAMERA. By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. Illustrated from Photographs by Cherry Kearton. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

THE beautiful book on "Birds' Nests" by the Brothers Kearton which we noticed just two years ago has been followed, as it could not fail to be, by this delightful extension of their naturalist experiences. To the general reader it will be far more fascinating than its predecessor. An alphabetical catalogue of birds, that work gave pleasure, except to ornithologists, only or chiefly by its plates; this is a narrative of nest-hunting adventures, drawn by a picturesque and facile pen, with illustrations no less beautiful, yet of far greater variety and interest. Unlike the cow milked by the author on board the Oban steamer, the book gives out its best in the beginning; no part of it is equal to the opening chapters, with their novel and exciting description of St. Kilda. A precipitous and barren rock far out at sea, cut off from the world adjacent and remote during nine months in the year, it supports on fowl, fish, eggs, with a stunted breed of sheep, about twenty-five head of cattle, and importations of corn and meal, something under a hundred souls—a devout, temperate, frugal, self-respecting race, contrasting favourably with the excursionists whom civilisation sends sometimes to pry curiously into their lives. The Atlantic waves break upon a beachless line of rocks; to gain footing on them from the rocking boat is an athletic feat; the island beyond its inhabited entrance is accessible only to a trained cragsman. In a thin semicircle following the curve of the bay is the village, a line of solid two-roomed cottages approached from the sea by a natural pavement of steep, smooth, slippery flags. Behind it are tiny patches of cultivated ground, with rude stone, turf-roofed sheds for storing hay; right overhead soars the frowning hill of Conagher, rising 1,220 feet above the sea, with on one side a sheer plunge which makes it the most formidable precipice in the British Isles. Here the two adventurous brothers spent the June of 1896, penetrating Gaelic reserve by their geniality, their daring, and the miracles of their camera; gaining intimate knowledge of a place and people which have found no chronicler since Kenneth Macaulay visited them in 1760, and wrote so lively a description of them as to make Dr. Johnson wish that Boswell would buy the island, and that they might spend a winter there. The two sling their hammocks in an empty cottage, attend the little church, sitting out wakefully and decorously a portentous Gaelic sermon; shower sweets upon the women and children; accompany the men in fishing and fowling; prospect everywhere for cameratic "subjects"; depart finally amid affectionate regrets and postless promises to write to them. Strange to say, this last was no mere compliment; a letter from one of the men, of which a facsimile is given, reached the author on the 1st of April in the year just closed. Sealed up in a tin canister, itself enclosed in a rough block of wood containing a penny for the postage and with "Please open" carved upon the lid, it was sent floating from the island in a north-west wind, attached to an inflated bladder, reached the island of North Uist a week later, was picked up and opened, and the letter forwarded to Mr. Kearton. Not a few of these improvised mailbags are despatched throughout the winter in search of distant friends, are cast upon some shore of Scotland or Norway, and eventually sent on to their destination. St. Kilda is the only place in Scotland where drunkenness is unknown, whisky being kept for a medicine but never used as a beverage. The old people boast that they can repeat the Bible from cover to cover; the children are never seen to play, but practise the rock-climbing and essay the bird-catching which are to earn food for the community in after-life. Pluck is their highest virtue—physical nerve that is, activity, daring, and resource in climbing. Before a lad could hope to win a wife he had at one time to walk out on the Lover's Stone, a narrow projecting bar of rock two hundred feet above the sea, stand there on his left heel, place his right foot to the toes of his left, and touch the toes of his right foot with the finger-tips of both hands. It would appear that our two brothers might easily have achieved this nuptial qualification, for feats not less giddy are recorded of them. Their scrambles down the rocks in search of nests along ledges a few inches wide, their leaps over yawning chasms in the sides of steep declivities, seem to have startled even the coolly practised islanders; "The venturesome devil, he'll never get off alive," said one man, as the photographer, camera in hand, stalked the gannets from ledge to ledge of a headlong cliff. The description of a roped descent backward over the brink of a tremendous precipice into space would turn weak-nerved readers sick in the reading, even apart from the awful accompanying photograph. Other hazards, too, had often to be encountered, less terrific but not less irritating. The attempt to focus a Jay's nest with the mother-bird feeding her young was successful after sitting motionless a whole day through in a bower of branches, so tortured by thousands of gnats that serious inflammation followed, and was ascribed by the doctor to blood-poisoning. A Kingfisher's nest could only be "negotiated," as the author queerly calls it more than once, by planting camera and operator three feet deep in the middle of a swirling stream. To look down into a Crow's nest a twenty-foot ladder was carried up into a tree, lashed perpendicularly to the upper branches, the tripod fastened to the ladder; while to insert slides in the focussed camera the photographer hung on to a rung of the ladder *with his teeth*, like Cynægirus in the battle of Marathon. An exquisite portrait of a lovely little Water-vole necessitated an absolutely motionless posture for several hours together; the wearisomeness and even pain of which no one who has not attempted it can understand. This last experience is emulated by the St. Kilda fowlers, who, in pursuit of Guillemots,

sit motionless as statues on a ledge to which they have been lowered before dawn. As day begins to break the birds stream up from the sea and sit upon the men, supposing them to be rocks, and are promptly secured and killed. Once more, the Fulmar Petrel on her nest sits quiet till the approaching artist is within her range, then dexterously squirts over person and instrument a jet of noxious, amber-coloured oil; while caps and jackets are habitually covered with the dropping excrement of Solan Geese and the parasites which fall from Puffins. These three birds—the Puffin, Fulmar Petrel, and Solan Goose—are chiefly used for food; it has been calculated that ninety thousand Puffins and twenty-two thousand of the Geese are consumed in one year, with eggs at the rate of about six thousand in a week. The birds are plucked, split open, cured, hung on strings across the cottages, and thrown on the fire to grill whenever a meal is wanted. The many other facts and descriptions, no less strange or less instructive—the specific distinctions of the much disputed St. Kilda Wren; the curious "stranger's cold" which moved the incredulity of Dr. Johnson and is attested by Mr. Kearton; the altered form of foot and ankle brought about by centuries of rock-scaling; the ancient underground dwelling with its rude implements, relic of aboriginal settlers—we must leave to be studied in the pages of the book itself.

The later chapters somewhat fall off in interest. We have one on Gamekeepers, appendages of aristocratic luxury whom many of us have not learned kindly to regard, yet with a manly vindication of the rural poacher, the squire's equal in his love of nature and of sport; his superior in that, like Radical Hewson in Clough's "Bothie," he is "not a gamekeeper, I think, nor a game preserver." Curious facts are noted as to the dissimilar intelligence of individual birds, as shown in varying neatness of nest-building, wisdom in selection of locality, dexterity or clumsiness in concealment. There are speculations on the nocturnal habits of the birds in winter; chapters on Bird-catchers and Decoys, both handled by many writers and, except in the illustrations, offering nothing new; and we are taken back finally to Hebridean and Highland adventures; to an ascent of Ailsa Craig and a study of the Farne Islands. "Except in the illustrations," we have said, and said with no grudging qualification; the beauty and fascination of these photographs would canonise a much less able book. The St. Kilda reproductions leave on one's mind the illusion of a personal visit to the scenes portrayed. No sketch unfathered by the Sun-god could so render the bird's-eye view of the village and its bay, the stores projected from the choppy sea upon the massive jagged rocks, the excised bits of vertical precipice on whose scrappy ledges the daring explorers perch unconcerned; the tired group, with ropes, dog, game, resting at the foot of the huge Borrera cliff. We register as personal acquaintances the bearded village Anakims, Finlay MacQuien and Sandy Campbell, and Finlay Gillies, wishing only that one or more of the children and of the younger women might have found a place beside the two staid and unexciting dames whose headgear illustrates the garb of married and unmarried women. Most delightfully vivid of the general pictures are the placid Gannet on her nest; the weird ghostly Kittiwakes on the black rocks of Doon; the smiling Highland loch with Osprey nest and birds on its island fir-tops; the consequential, solemn Puffins; the waiting, watchful Kingfisher, poised as we have seen it more than once or twice ourselves, but behold it now for the first time transferred to paper. Here and there, through lack of outline or confusing background, we miss the effect intended, as in the fluffy Buzzard's larder, the almost indistinguishable Tree-creeper, the amorphous nest and young of Sparrowhawk, the mother Jay, wooden-looking in spite of the long day's labour which she cost; while from the snared Kestrel, and still more from the miserable trapped Stoat, with its feet in the cruel-toothed gin and with agony in its starting eyes, we turn away disgusted. Daylight and a good hand-magnifier are requisite for the full interpretation of the pictures; by candlelight we miss half their delicacy, while to the ordinary unaided eye such details as the poacher's net across the gate at p. 174 are imperceptible. With these precautions their charm is inexhaustible. More than a dozen times we have examined most of them, and still, as in Nature's self, find fresh minutiæ. Let us hope that future rambles of the gifted brothers may yield yet further secrets of hedgerow, tree-top, and cliff, to the improvement of an increasing band of grateful readers no less than to their own delight.

OLD BASLE PRINTERS.

THE PRINTERS OF BASLE IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES. Their Biographies, Printed Books, and Devices. By C. W. Heckethorn. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is a most delectable book—a labour of love, learning, and pains. It does not reek of the nineteenth century, but all about it clings the faint sweet smell of the eighteenth. It would have immensely pleased Mr. William Bowyer, that learned printer, and good John Nichols, his industrious apprentice. Dr. Johnson would have turned over its pages with critical fervour. Jeremiah Markland, who printed forty copies only of his "De Græcorum quintâ Declinatione imparisyllabicâ et inde formata Latinorum quæstio grammatica," would have scanned it half enviously, thinking of the time it always took him to prepare anything for the press. Pure learning which cannot possibly do any good to anybody has a charm withheld, cruelly withheld, from fervent philanthropy. It is a relief to turn away not only from the Herveys and the Walpoles of the last century, but also from the Wesleys and the Howards and the Clarksons, to ruminate amongst the pages of Nichols's seventeen volumes of literary history and anecdotes; and there lazily to read of divines and antiquaries, county historians and topographers, who laboriously wrote pamphlets, and compiled quartos and octavos, and bought books and wrote letters, and suffered from gravel, and died of the stone, without apparently giving a thought to the problems of existence or the needs of the poor. They are all dead and gone long ago; dingy tablets in dim corners of re-pewed churches record in rotund Latinity their learning, which never submitted to examination, and their humility, which rarely brooked contradiction. Since their day our piping has taken "a troubled sound." We have

> "Learnt a stormy note
> Of men contention-tost, of men who groan."

Hence our satisfaction in coming across a book like Mr. Heckethorn's.

Mayence is, of course, the birthplace of the Press. There gathered the first printers, the workmen of Fust and Schöffer (who between them had squeezed Guttenberg from the business), and became bound by an oath never to reveal the mysteries of the art which more than any other has made the whole western world akin. However, printers' oaths, like those of dicers or politicians or any other class, are not absolutely to be relied upon. When one of those absurd Electors now swallowed up in a no less absurd Emperor of Germany took Mayence by storm, the printers were, as Mr. Heckethorn says, "scattered over Europe, and, too readily considering themselves absolved from the oath . . . set up printing offices of their own in various towns, such as Rome, Venice, Milan, and Augsburg." What else could the poor fellows do? Thus does Providence work even by the hands of a ridiculous Adolphus II.

The date of the first book printed in Basle is, as so many things are, matter of controversy. Mr. Heckethorn thinks in his text that 1472 is the date,

but in a note he favours 1468. If the latter date is correct, the earliest printed book of Switzerland belongs to Basle; but if the former date is correct, why, then, Buomünster, in the canton of Lucerne, is entitled to the premier place. We favour the claim of Basle: we have frequently been to Basle—Buomünster is unknown to Baedeker.

Basle speedily became a home or hive for printers. By 1480, says Mr. Heckethorn, no less than twenty-one printers were there established, and when the fifteenth century expired it left forty printers at work in Basle. The object of this book is to give an account of these printers, to catalogue their productions, and to reproduce their various devices, or, as we might now say, trade-marks or book-plates.

The most famous of the Basle printers is John Froben, the friend and publisher of Erasmus. He was a Franconian or Bavarian by birth, and in 1491, so Mr. Heckethorn tells us, began to print on his own account at Basle, his first book being a Bible in a very pretty small Gothic type. A good deal later he adopted the type introduced by Aldus of Venice, called the Italian type. In 1513 he took the liberty of printing an edition of the "Adagia" of Erasmus in folio and in Aldine italics. He did not then know Erasmus, nor would Sir Walter Besant approve of so wanton a piracy; but in those early days of the printing press the rights of authors were ill understood. Froben, though a pirate, knew a thing or two about authors, and on his title-page occur these words, "*Erasmi Roterodami Germaniæ decoris.*" In the preface also he took occasion to observe that nothing quite so delightful as the Adagia had been written for a thousand years. We all know what happened. Erasmus rushed to Frobenius, and remained his guest for years. In 1515 Froben published for Erasmus his "Encomium Moriæ," and in a month sold more than 1,700 copies of an edition of 1,800. This shows how healthy was the book market in 1515. In the public library at Basle there is a copy of this edition of the "Encomium Moriæ" enriched with eighty-three humorous sketches by Holbein, made under the eye of Erasmus and Froben and simply for fun. It is pleasant to think of their chuckles and repartees. The times were strenuous enough; but there was plenty of laughter in the sixteenth century, to which Martin Luther himself contributed an honest quota.

Froben was a lavish printer, employing for his title-pages painters and engravers of great note, whom he paid liberally. He did not grow rich, and, dying in 1527, he was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Basle. On his tombstone there is still decipherable the inscription composed by Erasmus in the three languages in which Frobenius printed—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

Mr. Heckethorn's Catalogue of Books printed by Frobenius contains 250 separate publications. Thirty-nine other printers of Basle are handled by Mr. Heckethorn, and from the catalogues of their books, as well as from the brief notes of their lives, we may live again in those early days of the printing press, and find much matter for sweet and bitter reflection. If we have gained much, we have lost not a little; if we have lost not a little, we have gained much.

Perhaps the life of John Herbster, or Oporinus, is the most unlike that of a modern printer, though those of us who are well-read in the lives of our own printers know how odd and hard many of them have been. Oporinus suffered many things at the hands of Paracelsus, who would wake up in the middle of the night and flourish his sword against ghosts in so wild a manner as to make poor Oporinus quake for fear. Paracelsus would then haul Oporinus out of bed and dictate to him. And all the pay he got for four years' service was a packet of opium pills. These, however, once saved his life in peculiar circumstances, of which Mr. Heckethorn gives the details. But we have no time to pursue farther the varied fortunes of John Oporinus. Anyone who wishes to devote to them the study they deserve will find in the Library of the Frey-Grynæus Institute at Basle a book (marked Z., vii. 15) called "Oratio de ortu, vita et obitu JOANNES OPORINI, Basiliensis Typographicorum Germaniæ Principis, recitata in Argent. Inensi Academia ab Joanne Henrico Keinzelio Augustano, Authore Andrea Jocisco Silesio." This Jocish knew all there is to be known of Oporinus.

Mr. Heckethorn's book is beautifully printed and decorated, and if it should turn out that he or his publisher is out of pocket by it, it will be a great shame. It is alleged that he has made a somewhat freer use of a German authority than the English reader is led to expect from a reference to that authority in the Preface. Be the book Stockmeyer's and Reber's, or be it Heckethorn's, or be it an amalgam of all three, we find no fault with it. But an acknowledgment of indebtedness can rarely be too full.

BRITISH PLUCK.

DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE. By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett ("Vedette"). London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE title of this book is not very appropriate. It is applicable enough to Wolfe's capture of Quebec, but requires a good deal of stretching to cover most of the "historic battle scenes" here presented. They are a series of sketches telling, "in plain prose, and for younger Britons, the story of the great deeds which are part of their historical inheritance." They appeared originally in the *Melbourne Argus*, and the patriotic ardour which animates them and to which they appeal deserves hearty recognition. They furnish ample evidence to the young Australian that he comes of a stock, whether English, Scotch, or Irish, of first-class fighting men.

Trafalgar and Waterloo were bound to figure in such a collection, but they do not lend themselves to episodical treatment so well as minor actions, such as the fight between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, which is very vividly told. Perhaps the best of all is the recapture of the *Hermione*. She was a British frigate whose crew mutinied in 1797, owing to bad treatment, and carried her into a Spanish port in the West Indies. The Spaniards increased her broadsides to forty-four guns and gave her a complement of nearly 400 men, but they seldom ventured out of port with her. In September, 1799, she was lying in Puerto Cabello, under the protection of batteries numbering nearly 200 guns, and the *Surprise*, a 28-gun frigate, under Captain Edward Hamilton, was watching for her outside. Hamilton determined to cut her out, and on a dark night he entered the harbour with six boats and less than 100 men. They were discovered and fired upon by two Spanish gunboats. Two of the boats made for these gunboats; the rest rowed to the *Hermione*.

"That ship, meanwhile, was awake. Lights flashed from every port; a clamour of voices broke on the quiet of the night; the sound of the drum rolled along the decks, the men ran to quarters." Nevertheless, Hamilton with something under fifty men succeeded in boarding her, and while a fierce fight went on her cables were cut, her topsails cast loose, and the boats towed her out of the harbour, in spite of the fire of the batteries.

The author says "the sketches will be found to be historically accurate," and he has evidently taken pains to make them so. There are a few mistakes, especially in the details of the fighting in the Pyrenees, but they are not of much importance. Salamanca, not Vittoria, was the battle in which "40,000 Frenchmen were beaten in forty minutes." There is an inevitable tendency in sketches of this kind to heighten the marvel, instead of accounting for it, and so far to produce a false impression. The words "leap," "fling," "crash," are apt to recur rather too often; but on the whole the book is distinctly well done. It has well-chosen portraits, and good plans of battles.

A NEW LIFE OF VERDI.

THE LIFE OF VERDI. By F. J. Crowest. London: John Milne.

No better Life of Verdi is likely to be published than that "Histoire Anecdotique" of the great Italian composer which the French critic M. Pougin has written, and which was presented in an English translation some ten years ago. But M. Pougin wrote before *Otello* and *Falstaff* had been produced; and a complete biography of Verdi should naturally include some account of these vigorous works of Verdi's old age—the former brought out when he was in his seventy-fifth, the latter when he was in his eightieth year. Mr. Crowest, moreover, Verdi's latest biographer, wished to write of him "with especial reference to his English experiences"—a lamentable idea, since there is nothing so tedious, so irritating, so utterly unprofitable to look back upon in connection with the venerable master as the persistent failure of English critics, during a period of thirty years, to recognise his high merits. Why write of a great man a biography which he himself will be unable to read; and which, if he endeavours to read it, he will be obliged to throw away in disgust? Apart, moreover, from Verdi himself, what pleasure can anyone take in the reproduction of the silly articles which every one of his operas called forth, immediately on its production, from the leading English critics of the day? Verdi met with a very different reception in France; partly, perhaps, because two of the principal musical critics of Paris—Scudo, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and Fiorentino, of the *Constitutional* and the *Moniteur*—were Italians.

It was not until the production of *Aïda* at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1876, that the great mass of English critics—as if struck at last by the composer's remarkable staying powers—began to admit that there must be something in him. When, at the ripe age of seventy-four, he brought out *Otello*, it was generally admitted that he was getting on; and he had only, in his eightieth year, to produce *Falstaff* to have not only newspaper critics but all our most learned professors and composers at his feet. Even Dr. Hans von Bülow relented when he found so aged a composer producing such a youthful work. He, indeed, went so far as to write to Verdi a letter expressing his regret that he had once spoken ill of the Manzoni Requiem; to which Verdi good-humouredly replied that Dr. von Bülow was perhaps right when he found fault with that work, and that he might be wrong now that he praised it.

German critics, however, have for the most part (unlike the German public) treated the Italian composer with but scant respect. Mr. Crowest tells us that Ritter in his "History of Music" (1876) "disposes of Verdi in less than eleven short lines"; while "a little more justice in the way of space is done to the famous Italian by Naumann in his large, comprehensive 'History of Music,' since he devotes to Verdi nearly two whole pages out of over thirteen hundred." A famous English musician—Dr. Hubert Parry—goes beyond both Naumann and Ritter in his treatment of Verdi; for in "Studies of the Great Composers" he does not mention him at all.

England, according to Mr. Crowest, is "the land which more than any other has served to make and enrich Verdi"—an extraordinary statement, taken in connection with the mass of hostile and contemptuous criticisms which Mr. Crowest has taken the trouble to collect, and with the well-known fact that during the period of his greatest popularity in England his most admired works were played without being paid for by every manager who chose to bring them out. Even after the adoption of the International Copyright Convention, Italian music publishers did not for many years take the trouble to comply with the requirements of the Act; and neither Russia, where *La Forza del Destino* was brought out, nor Egypt, where *Aïda* was first produced, were among the countries that adhered to the Convention. Nevertheless, Verdi received from the Emperor Alexander II. £4,000, and from the Khedive of Egypt a fee of the same amount—certainly very much more than Mr. Lumley could have paid him, when Verdi was still at the beginning of his career, for *I Masnadieri*, the only opera he ever composed specially for England.

For the Paris Opera House Verdi composed two new works, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* and *Don Carlos*, besides rearranging *Il Trovatore* for the same establishment, where it was brought out, with added ballet music, under the title of *Le Trouvère*. Whenever one of Verdi's operas was played—whether at the Grand Opéra, the Théâtre des Italiens, or the Théâtre Lyrique—he was paid for every performance at fixed rates, just as a French composer would have been.

M. Pougin's before-mentioned "Histoire Anecdotique" abounds (as, to justify its title, it ought) in good stories of Verdi and his works. Mr. Crowest's volume is rather wanting in interest of this kind; though the author covers so well the familiar ground of Verdi's life, that the reader will not wholly accept his plea of avoiding repetitions as an excuse for the omission of decorative and anecdotal detail.

THE HERO OF HOLLAND.

WILLIAM THE SILENT. By Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan & Co.

FOR English readers of to-day there is only one book about Holland, and that is, of course, Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." We have all read its glowing and sympathetic account of the hard and bitter years in which the Batavian State and the Dutch sea power had their beginning; and we all remember the vivid portrait of William the Silent, the one hero among the many villains of the piece. To some of Motley's charm Mr. Frederic Harrison can lay no claim; he could not an he would be eloquent, and, one is quite sure, he would not an he could. He is not a great historical word painter—he judges rather than realises the past; but it is in calm judgment that his strength lies. He is not blinded by Catholic or Protestant leanings, he is no hero-worshipper; his modest effort is to be fair and accurate, and he succeeds. His monograph is under two hundred and fifty pages, but to write it he has made himself acquainted with the whole vast literature of the subject. If the "Foreign Statesman" series attain anything like this level of excellence, it will be a real contribution to history.

The career of William the Silent is one that appeals most strongly to those who look beneath the surface, who scan the slow acting of permanent causes rather than brilliant and showy if superficial achievement. It is a career which is more attractive to the scholar and the statesman than to the dramatist or the romanticist. He was so little a warrior that his enemies, with some plausibility though with great injustice, accused him of cowardice. In some respects his life-work was a failure. Those rich provinces which now compose Belgium—where the revolution against the Spanish power began—were lost to the new faith, and are to-day, as Mr. Harrison notes, the most ultramontane part of Europe, although William's strenuous efforts were to rouse them against Spain and the Inquisition. In the open field the rebels were no match for the Spaniards; they went down like ninepins before the experienced forces of generals like Alva and Parma. Thus William's career has not the warm and delightful attraction of victory; his glory is that he rose unconquered after a hundred defeats, that in an age of diplomatists he was a master of statecraft, that his statecraft was employed for noble and unselfish ends, that he sacrificed everything for the country he created, that he sealed his devotion with his life. The mysterious attraction which men have always felt for the name of martyr is his. If we are to measure

his influence by the hatred he inspired we must rate it high. Philip, with an evidently sincere belief that he was doing a proper and legitimate act, offered a large sum for his murder, and priests like Granvelle and warriors like Don John were thoroughly agreed that this was the proper mode to dispose of him. Assassination has in some ages of the world seemed the way of cutting a knot too complicated to untie, a short road out of endless difficulties. And to assassination one must give a wide name. The mock trials which conducted Egmont and Horn to the scaffold had as little justification as the murder of Orange. Besides being the age of assassination, it was also the time of despatch writing. The red-tape character of Philip's mind and his method of government favoured this. Long and minute statements were sent to the Court of Spain, and from that Court to its various agents. The great mass is preserved, and exhibits in detail the tortuous policy of the day.

In many respects the epithet of "silent" is wrong. What is meant is, perhaps, self-control, though that phrase is not so striking. William was, at all events, a great writer; he more than rivalled Philip in the way of despatches, and he published many lengthy declarations of his policy. In his family circle he might even be termed garrulous. He was no sour ascetic, but a healthy human being, truly and deeply religious, though free from bigotry; full of natural sympathy and affection—a lovable figure: so he appears in Mr. Harrison's pages, and there is conclusive proof that the portrait is true.

FICTION.

THE RAID OF THE "DETRIMENTAL." By the Earl of Desart. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

THE BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE. By Florence Marryat. London: Hutchinson & Co.

A RETURN TO NATURE. Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling. London: Jarrold & Sons.

HIS CHIEF'S WIFE. By Baroness A. D'Anethan. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

WE imagine that Lord Desart, when he set out to write the story of "The Raid of the *Detrimental*," had in his mind the production of a roaring farce. The tale, at any rate, opens with an incident that is purely farcical. A certain London gentleman, Mr. Harold Childe by name, finding himself "stone-broke" in the year 1862, organises, with the help of a rich cosmopolitan Jew, rejoicing in the name of Baron Ferdinand Smith, a raid of a truly astounding character. He finds among the members of his club half a dozen spirits as reckless as himself, and induces these gentlemen to join him in entering a country house near Torquay, where the Countess of Greyburden happens at the moment to be entertaining half a dozen of the youthful beauties of the London season. Baron Smith, who finds the money for chartering the good steamship *Detrimental*, is moved to do so by the fact that he loves one of these beauties, Lady Victoria de Courcy by name, and has been thrown over by her in favour of a German princelet. On a given day Childe and his accomplices, all men holding a good position in society, arrive off Greyburden Castle in the *Detrimental*. They know that a "big shoot" is to take place on that particular day, and that all the gentlemen of the Castle party will, consequently, be absent. Taking advantage of this opportunity, they suddenly make their appearance in Lady Greyburden's dining-room whilst luncheon is in progress, and, to the intense amazement of that lady and her guests, forcibly abduct her and six beautiful and well-born virgins, and carry them off safely to the *Detrimental*. There are dukes' daughters, as well as less illustrious damsels, in this high-born crowd, but all are abducted with the most perfect ease by the penniless young men who serve under the leadership of Mr. Childe; and thus, at one fell swoop, a London season is bereft of its brightest ornaments. Farce, it need hardly be said, is the only word that applies to such an incident as this; but, having begun with farce, Lord Desart seems to lose his grip of the story, and in trying to regain it he diverges into something not unlike tragedy. Instead of allowing the midsummer madness of the raid to end, as it would have done in a pantomime, with a general transformation-scene, and a reconciliation all round, he takes his ridiculous plot quite seriously. The distressed damsels and Lady Greyburden are landed on a desert island, where Baron Smith awaits them. Here they have to submit to the ardent but decorous wooing of the Baron and the other adventurers of the *Detrimental*. Relief is unexpectedly provided for them by the appearance of a number of beautiful copper-coloured young gentlemen, who are, it seems, the inhabitants of a neighbouring island. The peculiarity of island number two is that no women are allowed permanently to reside upon it; but once every year the island is invaded by a host of beautiful damsels from some still more distant isle. They remain for a few days in the company of the youths, and then return to the place from whence they came, taking with them any of the islanders who have passed the age of early manhood. We regret to say that Lady Victoria de Courcy and her aristocratic fellow-captives fall desperately in love with the copper-coloured gentlemen from this island of fancy. With their assistance they expel the crew of the *Detrimental*, Baron Smith included. These latter find their way to the island which the young men had left, where they are duly consoled by the arrival of the annual host of ladies. Lady Victoria and her friends, on their part, find consolation in marriage with the copper-coloured gentlemen; but as women are scarce and men numerous, they equalise matters by legalising polyandry, and the last we see of Lady Victoria is when she appears in a triumphal procession, surrounded by a bodyguard of fourteen husbands. We think we may leave "The Raid of the *Detrimental*" at this point.

Mr. Bram Stoker has much to answer for. Perhaps, however, when he published his remarkable vampire-story, "Dracula," he failed to foresee the inevitable consequences which its appearance would entail upon readers and critics of contemporary fiction, in the shape of a swarm of ill-conceived and ill-executed imitations by inferior writers. Yet those consequences have, alas! followed only too speedily, and those who were genuinely thrilled and absorbingly interested by the weird fascinations of "Dracula," have since been compelled to own themselves frankly bored by the ubiquitous vampire thrust so perseveringly upon their notice by certain minor novelists. And now here is the indefatigable Miss Florence Marryat off upon the well-worn trail, and trying hard to be fashionably "creepy" in the verbose pages of her latest novel "The Blood of the Vampire"! Is it necessary to add that she has not succeeded in that ambitious attempt? Miss Marryat is an experienced novelist, who, despite very manifest failings of taste and style, has shown herself the possessor of a certain rough energy and vivacity that have generally made her stories readable, at least, if inartistic and exaggerated; but she never has shown, nor does she show in "The Blood of the Vampire," any trace of the special qualities requisite to such a task as she has here undertaken. The book is a mistake, and we cannot pretend to treat it as a successful experiment. Miss Marryat's fatal lack of refinement in style, her love of florid colouring, and her heavy-handed humour combine to rob the story of those elements of tragedy at which it obviously aims. Truth to tell, this vampire is no more terrifying to grown-up minds than would be the turnip-bogey of our childhood, for they resemble each other in artless construction and transparent trickery. The said vampire is no other than the heroine of the story,

Miss Harriet Brandt, an orphan heiress from the West Indies, whose acquaintance the reader makes in the opening chapter. The scene is laid at a small Belgian watering-place, and Miss Brandt's abnormal cravings first display themselves at the *table d'hôte* of the "Lion d'Or," where she devours her food with most unladylike gusto. Our suspicions of her true nature are instantly aroused when we read that this beautiful but greedy young woman has "lips of a deep blood colour"; and her subsequent behaviour amply justifies the conjecture, for she proceeds to cause the death of another guest's baby, draining the infant of its vitality, by some mysterious process, as she dandles it constantly in her arms. At the same time she is engaged in the much more commonplace feat of stealing the affections of another girl's betrothed lover, with whom, indeed, she "carries on" to the very verge of impropriety. At this point, however, a certain medical man intervenes to save Captain Pullen from the fate that threatens him by informing him of the vampire's origin and hereditary characteristics. Miss Brandt, baulked of her desire in one quarter, begins to seek its gratification in another, and soon finds a willing victim in Captain Pullen's cousin, Anthony Pennell. This gentleman, although as a journalist he really ought to have been more wary in his dealings with a creature of whose species he must have read so much, takes the risks of the uncanny alliance with the vampire quite readily—and, of course, soon has to pay the customary penalty. We ought, perhaps, to explain that Miss Marryat's Vampire, unlike Mark Twain's Jumping Frog, has points which differentiate it from others of its kind. Harriet Brandt is herself a victim of heredity, exercising her fatal gifts unconsciously and instinctively, rather than of *malice prepense*. The illegitimate daughter of a barbarous, vivisecting man of science and of a voluptuous Creole slave, she is scarcely likely to attain any high degree of moral perfection. One fancies that she might, even then, have passed very well as a mere average specimen of vulgarity and ill-bred forwardness, judging by her demeanour in this book, which represents her as a particularly coarse-natured minx, rather than the incarnation of tragic Fate. But heredity is a magnificent word, and the novelist is undoubtedly entitled to make capital out of it. Unfortunately, this is what Miss Florence Marryat has failed to do, and instead of being, as it is intended to be, appalling and blood-curdling, "The Blood of the Vampire" produces an impression of tediousness and disagreeable sensationalism.

Aided by a power of suggesting rather than depicting character, a keen observation and a happy choice of words resulting in the purest English, the writer of "A Return to Nature" has given us a book which is decidedly pleasing. The story is slight in the extreme, but the sense of humour with which it is told redeems the ordinary events of everyday life from dulness. The heroine is Tempe Hurst, a Newnham girl, acting as holiday governess to a small boy, and it is her experiences and impressions of the society in the little Kentish village, her home for the time being, which form the subject of the book. Tempe's pupil Dirck, repelling at first sight by his abrupt manner and uncouth American speech, attracting on further acquaintance by his shrewdness of mind and kindness of heart, is a quaint, pathetic little figure. At the request of his governess he introduces her to those who, in his opinion, form the county families of the neighbourhood. Their personalities are interesting, and their society, in most cases, agreeable; but the college woman, classical scholar though she is, finds her enjoyment of it in some degree marred by her inability to cope with the anomalies presented by the Kentish dialect, "the Digginses, and the Budges, and the Cheesemans, and the Millses, and the Hopkinses" regarding her non-comprehension with scorn. Those who, like Tempe, are anxious to make the acquaintance of Dirck's "county families," of other members of Ivydene society who are more likely to be found in Debrett's classification, and of Dirck himself, should read "A Return to Nature." The time spent in reading it will not be lost, for it will be passed in pleasant company.

A great deal may be said in favour of "His Chief's Wife." The plot, it is true, is distinctly conventional, of the melodramatic order. It shows us how a young secretary of Legation, who has honestly fallen in love with the daughter of his superior, and has been accepted by her as her betrothed, is separated from her by the voice of scandal. He is an innocent victim, and the miscarriage of his love affair is due not to any fault of his own but to the sudden appearance upon the scene of a beautiful woman who, years before, had jilted him in the most shameless fashion in order to marry a richer man, and who now, feeling a wave of her old passion return, seeks to win him back to his allegiance by compromising him in the eyes of the world. There is nothing, of course, new in this situation; but there is a great deal that is admirable in the manner in which the story is told. The characters are drawn not merely with skill but with sympathetic insight; and there is a freshness and sincerity about the book that cannot fail to charm the reader. The authoress evidently knows the life of which she writes, and she has a keen eye for those little points in character and situation which give distinction to a picture. She commands the sympathies of her readers throughout; and though she may not have produced a remarkable book, she has certainly told a good story in a very pleasant fashion.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE is a charm which it is difficult to resist in Canon Rawnsley's memorial volume on "Henry Whitehead." It gives in brief compass a finished picture of a man of high qualities of mind and heart, who worked hard from youth to age as a clergyman of the English Church, and missed preferment because, apparently, he was too modest ever to press his own claims. Henry Whitehead was born at Ramsgate—where his father kept a famous private school—in 1825, and he died in 1896 as Vicar of Lanercost, thanks to a happy act of patronage on the part of the Earl of Carlisle. Old Lincoln men still remember his high spirits when at Oxford, his turn for parody, and his skill in satirical Latin hexameters. "He won a considerable name for ready wit amongst his contemporaries by his epigrams and terse sayings. Such phrases as 'an infringement of the liberty of the subject,' 'masterly inactivity,' became current coin in the college; but men forgot the inventor, and Whitehead took out no patents." Mark Pattison was at that time a young tutor at Lincoln, and there rapidly sprang up a lifelong friendship between the two men. "Both were keen to see the absurdities of a situation; both were fond of satire; both were critical and nice as to details; both were courageous and original thinkers, with a certain taciturn introspective reserve. Yet there was a difference in them, the difference between optimist and pessimist." Whitehead was a man of the utmost generosity of temperament. There was not a drop of bitterness in his satire, and he believed steadily right through his life the best about people. Hard work as a London curate, narrow means and scanty leisure, were all that the Church had to offer him during the best years of his life. He was a Broad Churchman, who rejected all sacerdotal pretensions and he used to say that one reason why the Church seemed to have no particular need of him was that he was a survival. He worked chiefly amongst the poor, and is still remembered for his heroic attitude during a terrible visitation of cholera in the parish of St. Luke's, Soho. He was one of the

* HENRY WHITEHEAD, 1825-1896. A Memorial Sketch by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Hon. Canon of Carlisle, Author of "Literary Associations of the English Lakes." London:

LEISURE HOURS IN THE STUDY. By James Mackinnon, D.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (CLASSICAL). By Thomas B. Harbottle. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., AS SOCIAL REFORMER. By Edwin Hodder. Portrait. London: James Nisbet & Co.

WITH THE CONQUERING TURK. By G. W. Steevens, Author of "The Land of the Dollar." Maps. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

earliest workers in the Ragged School movement, and there are many stories in these pages which show how true was the testimony of one of his friends, who had known him intimately for nearly forty years, when he said, "Whitehead was the most thoroughly unselfish man I ever met." His keen sense of humour peeps out in these pages, often in the most unlooked-for way. Two poor women were talking about the hardness of the times, and neither of them was righteous over-much. "How do you get along this winter?" said one. "Very poorly indeed," said the other; "there'll soon be nothing for it but to take to Morning Prayers." Beyond all else, what impresses us most in this record is the sense of duty and the cheerful alacrity with which Henry Whitehead was content to do the work that was nearest, and to do it without the least parade. He was a magnetic man, and as such conquered the allegiance, even as a poor curate, of many well-known men both within and without the English Church. Amongst the latter were Baldwin Brown and George Macdonald. He was utterly unconventional and perfectly independent, but he possessed, as his friend Dr. Llewellyn Davies says, large-hearted friendliness of temper and fundamental seriousness, and to these qualities was added a courage which shrank at nothing.

Dr. Mackinnon's "Leisure Hours in a Study" consists of gossiping papers avowedly written "at intervals in the course of the more severe labours of the historian." Most of them have appeared in the columns of *The Scotsman*, and few of them call for special remark. They discuss the prejudice and humour of Dr. Johnson, Carlyle's attitude toward Goethe, history as a subject of academic study, and other subjects racy of the soils of Germany and Holland as well as of Scotland. One of the most significant essays in the book discusses the Treaty of Union in 1707 and its bearing on the fortunes of England and the evolution of the Imperial idea. "The restiveness of Scotland, the possibility of her joining hands with a Richelieu or a Louis XIV., had been a constant source of anxiety to English statesmen, in the domain of English foreign policy. Even during the negotiations for Union, and in the midst of the contemporary struggle against the ambition of Louis XIV., the horizon towards Scotland had been black with threatening war clouds." Dr. Mackinnon points out that after 1707 England had a free hand, so far as her Northern neighbour was concerned, for her expansive energy. "The harmony and the security of which the legislative Union was a guarantee is the first factor in the forces of Imperial and Colonial development which that Union has called into existence. Scotland, by giving the pledge of amity and security to England, gave her redoubled strength for the great work of world-wide expansion under the Union Jack." Dr. Mackinnon has no difficulty in showing how great has been the "moral acquisition which Scotland has made to the Empire as the result of the Union."

People who have been accustomed to consult Colonel Dalbiac's "Dictionary of English Quotations" will probably be glad to learn that a companion volume, compiled by Mr. T. B. Harbottle, has just been issued which consists exclusively of "Classical Quotations." Like its predecessor, it proves to be a remarkably comprehensive work of reference, and it is evidently the outcome at once of wide and exact research. Mr. Harbottle claims to have verified the classic sayings which he cites. He rightly thinks that this is one of the first duties of a compiler; and it is certainly necessary, for in more careless days one man pinned his faith to another far too confidingly in such directions, and mistakes in consequence became stereotyped. The translation which accompanies each quotation is frequently from some well-known version; and in this connection scholars like Conington, Jowett, Worsley, Plumptre, Paley, Gifford, and Way are placed under requisition. The quotations have been chosen with sound judgment, and the needs of non-classical readers have not been forgotten.

Eleven years ago Mr. Edwin Hodder wrote an authoritative biography of the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury. The old philanthropist, well aware that a book of some sort about his long and beneficent career was inevitable, had the good sense to choose his own biographer, and the confidence which he placed in Mr. Hodder was justified by the result. Mr. Hodder has now published a slim volume which deals with only one aspect of Lord Shaftesbury's public life—his splendid services as a social reformer. In no direction were Lord Shaftesbury's services more remarkable, for when he began his labours children and women in the factories and mines were veritable white slaves, and the sanitary condition of the dwellings of the poor was a scandal to the entire community. These brief but impressive chapters show how brave and disinterested a champion of the desolate and oppressed was the good Earl, and how far he was in advance of his times.

"With the Conquering Turk" is the title which Mr. G. W. Steevens gives to a somewhat oracular but certainly vivid description of his experiences as a special correspondent during the recent war in the East. He declares that the Turks have the best soldiers and the worst officers in the world. The rank and file are patient, good-tempered, fearless, and under most difficult conditions amenable to discipline. If the Turkish troops were commanded by officers who were worthy of them, there is little that they could not accomplish; but their officers, speaking broadly, are typical representatives of the most corrupt government in the world. "As for the generals—excepting only Edhem, Seyfowllah, and Riza—they were hopeless, especially the generals of division." They are charged in these pages with having been insubordinate, sluggish, incapable of acting in concert, and ignorant of even the ranges of their own artillery. The Turkish army "walks unafraid into a blizzard of bullets, only it has no firing-line and no fire-discipline, and the rear ranks shoot down their front-ranks, and the artillery shells both. The cavalry cheerfully charges earth-works with other earth-works on its flank; only when the enemy is retreating the cavalry is held religiously back from pursuit." Engineers, asserts Mr. Steevens, there were none at all, whilst infantry battalions were taken from the fighting-line almost at random for road-making and transport service. "It was a war of hyperbole—a page out of 'Tartarin de Tarascon.'" The book is full of bold and confident assertions, but though written in a somewhat theatrical strain, it gives in a rough and ready manner a vivid description of the campaign as far as it was possible to judge of it from the Turkish lines.

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